

COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

To which is Prefixed,
A CRITICAL DISSERTATION on
this Species of POETRY.

*If true that notion, which but few contest,
That, in the way of wit, short things are best;
Then in good EPIGRAMS two virtues meet;
For 'tis their glory to be short, and sweet.*

The SECOND EDITION, with ADDITIONS.

L O N D O N :

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COLLECTION

W. Muggrave.



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P R E F A C E.



THE EPIGRAM is a species of poetry, perhaps, as old as any other whatsoever: it has receiv'd the approbation of almost all ages and nations: to prove this, we must have recourse to the etymology of the name; the Greek word, which nominates this kind of writing, differs but little in sound from the *English*; and is properly translated *an Inscription*; that being, very probably, the first way in which a single thought, poetically express'd, has been us'd. *Petronius* seems to favour this opinion; he uses the word with two applications; but in both the construction must be, as we have said, an *Inscription*. *Implevit Eumolpus frontes utriusque ingentibus literis; & notam fugitivorum, EPIGRAMMA, per totam faciem liberali manu duxit.* In this sense, the word *Epigramma* signifies the stigmata, or characters upon the forehead of a slave; by which he might be known, if he fled

from his master: in another place, when the same author says, *Eumolpus autem dum EPIGRAMMA mortuo facit*, it must be understood as an EPITAPH on a dead person; in which way it is easy to suppose this sort of poetry was very early us'd; the EPITAPH continuing to this day, most properly, an Inscription: to which use, as we have already observ'd, the EPIGRAM was originally apply'd.

AT this day we consider EPIGRAM, as a method of conveying a single conceit fully and strongly to the reader, in a narrow compass; it must have wit, or, what is very near a-kin to it, humour, at the conclusion, in order to leave the deeper impression upon the fancy: I say this of satiric or pleasant EPIGRAMS; for there are some, that, by the grandeur and nobleness of the sentiment, in a serious way, must pass for finish'd pieces in this kind of writing: however, I think that wit, or somewhat equally pleasing, is always expected in the close of an EPIGRAM, whether serious or humourous: lest I should not be rightly understood, I must add, that, in a pleasant EPIGRAM, an humourous conceit will make an apt close; and, in a serious one, a striking thought; and that, in neither case, that wit which consists of point and turn, is absolutely necessary. I will give examples of both.

*Thy eyes and eye-brows I could spare;
Nor for thy nose do I much care;
I could dispense too with thy teeth,
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
And with thy breasts, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye;
And, to be short — hark, in thy ear,
Faith, I could spare thee all, my dear.*

IF

IF I am not mistaken, there is no wit in these lines; and yet the pleasantry at the end will make it pass for a good EPIGRAM.

*When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death, the brave lives on.*

THE fine thought of this couplet, tho' it favours nothing of wit, is an instance in the serious way: I have chosen these two translations from *Martial*, to shew that the antients, as well as the moderns, at least in their practice, seem'd to think with me; even those who refin'd, or, as the criticks would rather say, corrupted EPIGRAM, by introducing point and turn.

I have heard much good discourse spent in shewing the difference between a SONG and an EPIGRAM: I protest, that between an *English* SONG, and an *English* EPIGRAM, I know of none but the length; which may make some, according to our common notions. I think every small copy of verses, which is or may be set to music, goes by the name of SONG; but then the general practice is to make it conclude in a point, like an EPIGRAM: indeed it sometimes happens, that more than one thought is pursu'd in a SONG; but, if the criticks be right, that's as much a fault there, as in an EPIGRAM; and the difference they make is, that a SONG consists of one thought, without a point; and, if it extends farther, becomes a BALLAD; while an EPIGRAM has a right to a point; but, if it enlarges its number of conceits, must be call'd Stanzas, or Madrigal, or a Copy of Verses, or any thing you please.

These are little niceties, which are not at all necessary to a man of good sense: he will presently see what is right, without them; nor indeed are the minute rules of either of these kinds of poetry important enough, to make a scrupulous inquiry into them worth his while.

MY lord duke of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE has given rules in verse for making SONGS; which, added to what has been here said, will enable every one to judge as well of an EPIGRAM, or any other small POEM.

*Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For, as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish, that escapes our eyes;
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In some small ring, and brings the value down;
So songs should be to just perfection wrought,
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high,
Yet that nor seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd; but in such order all,
As, tho' with care, may seem by chance to fall.*

THE subject of an EPIGRAM is matter of contest among the learned: yet, without shewing their arguments, we will be bold to say, that every thing may be the subject of one; Satire, Panegyric, Love, Complaint, or Pleasant Tale, all fit well in an EPIGRAM; all subjects have been us'd; and all authors have drawn their success from their manner of treating them, rather than from their choice of themes.

THE

THE length is another litigated point: the antients have stretch'd it pretty far; and yet BOILEAU says peremptorily,

*L' Epigramme plus libre, en son tour plus bornè,
N' est souvent qu' un bon mot de deux rimes ornè.*

THE last line of these is very ill translated by Sir WILLIAM SOAMES; who, talking of EPIGRAMS, says,

'Tis one good sentence in a distich clas'd.

THE words, *bon mot*, mean no such thing as a good sentence: they are the terms in use, for a thing wittily or smartly said; or, as we commonly express it in conversation, *a good thing*. So much may explain BOILEAU's notion, as well of the length, as of the turn of EPIGRAM.

BUT indeed, if the first rule be preserv'd, of aiming at but one thought, the EPIGRAM must be good, to whatever length it is carry'd: this I say, upon a presumption that no good writer will use more words, than are necessary to introduce and express the conceit he drives at: and, upon this footing, *Martial* defends himself against a caviller, who had upbraided him with the length of some of his EPIGRAMS:

— *Non sunt longa, quibus nil demere possis:
Sed tu, Cosconi, disticha longa facis.*

Which is happily enough english'd by Sir CHARLES SEDLEY, thus:

Things

*Things are not long, where we can nothing spare:
But, Coscus, e'en thy distichs tedious are.*

WHEN the length and subject of an EPIGRAM are fix'd, it is proper to inquire, what kind of point is fittest: we have already observ'd, that a gay conceit, or a good sentence, will sometimes serve for points: but what else will? nothing so properly, as what can be truly call'd Wit; no Jingle of words, Pun, Quibble, Conundrum, Mix'd Wit, or False Wit, ought ever to be us'd, tho' they have all very often appear'd in this kind of poetry; which made Mr. ADDISON, when he describes True Wit marching his troops in battle-array against False Wit, take notice that EPIGRAM was plac'd in the rear; not so much on account of its inferiority to Tragedy, Comedy, or the other species of poetry, which compos'd the army, as thro' the prudence of the general, who had a very just suspicion, that it was inclinable to revolt to the enemy.

BESIDES taking care to avoid all the faults already mention'd, there is another inconvenience, which modern EPIGRAM is very liable to; that is, when an author falls in love with brevity, to such a degree, as to neglect explaining what he writes upon. It is a very idle thing, to have three lines of a Title to an EPIGRAM of two verses, as in the following Example:

*The lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.*

IN order to understand this, we are to be told, that the founder was covetous and ambitious; and that he built an arch, almost as big as the *Rialto*, over a stream no wider than a city gutter. I grant, if all this had been reduc'd into two lines of metre, and fix'd to the verses above-cited, they would have made an excellent EPIGRAM; but, as they stand, are only excusable by the author's saying, that he did not intend to have them read about on paper; but to be fix'd for ever, as an inscription, on the bridge.

To these short hints, concerning modern EPIGRAM, the reader will give me leave to add, in the same succinct manner, some observations, which the learned have made on the *Greek* and *Latin* EPIGRAMMATISTS. We have extant a collection of *Greek* EPIGRAMS, by several poets, under the name of ANTHOLOGIA: these are, for the most part, a set of fine thoughts; but of such a kind, as neither create mirth or surprize: they are only capable of giving pleasure to very delicate tastes, by a natural and elegant expression; now and then a pleasing hyperbole, or an ingenious antithesis, may be found in them; which is the most they can ever pretend to: we are not to seek for point in them; good sense, and pure language, somewhat rais'd above ordinary conversation, are all that are necessary to constitute a *Greek* EPIGRAM. But the moderns will not allow these any share of perfection; the *French* wits call any insipid copy of verses, *Epigramme à la Grecque*; and nothing is so common among them, as, when they think their soup unsavoury, or ill-tasted, to call it, in contempt of the Anthologia, *Potage à la Grecque*.

AMONG

AMONG the Romans, CATULLUS imitated the Greeks, in the manner we have been speaking of; and, like them, has got into the favour of several good criticks: RAPIN, particularly, praises him for his delicacy and simplicity; tho' it must not be deny'd, that this delicacy often forsakes him; that his verses are often clogg'd with intolerable grossnesses; his thoughts are in some places shocking; when he addresses his mistress, his gallantries are sometimes larded with indecencies, very remote from simplicity or politeness: all this he has the courage to avow, and excuses himself in the following verses; which, for the reasons mention'd, will make no figure in a translation:

—— *Castum esse decet pium poetam
Ipsum; versiculos nihil necesse est;
Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,
Si sint molliculi, & parum pudici,
Et, quod pruriat, incitare possint.*

MARTIAL was of a character very opposite to CATULLUS; whom he often imitates in his obscenities: he endeavour'd, as far as he could, to make his EPIGRAMS conclude with point and turn; he was not always so happy as to light upon a just thought; and the desire he had of being witty, very often threw him into affectation.

WE have no body of any rank since MARTIAL. AUSONIUS makes no figure: but, among the moderns, our countryman OWEN is the most voluminous; he has a few good EPIGRAMS; but so lost in an incredible number of puerile trite thoughts, that

that they are not worth the labour of searching for : and indeed there are but few, who have written many EPIGRAMS, which will answer the poet's description ; and which, without more words, I will lay down as a touch-stone for this kind of poetry ; and declare every EPIGRAM good, which has this effect upon a good understanding :

*How does the little EPIGRAM delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit !
While tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain ;
When in less volumes we more pleasure find ;
And what diverts, still best informs the mind.*

YALDEN.

As to the following COLLECTION, I have reason to believe it will generally please, it being the first miscellany of EPIGRAMS that has appear'd in *Englisb* ; tho' one would think, the several COLLECTIONS in *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, might, by their example, have directed us to such a method long ago. They are, for the most part, carefully collected ; and consist of so great a number, as no one imagin'd could be found in our language fit to be republish'd : it was, perhaps, that thought, which gave admision to some few, which a severe critic might reject ; tho' the COLLECTOR avows, that, in regard few things are more unfettled, than the criticism of an EPIGRAM, every body will rather judge of it by the manner in which it strikes him, than by the rules which criticks lay down ; and as there is great variety of tastes and understandings, whose test this book is to pass ; he has chosen to fling in some things which may please every palate ; tho' he

he hopes that much the greater part is adapted to give pleasure to the most judicious.

THEY are chosen from the best performances of our best poets; printed accurately; and where-ever, by many impressions, the reading has been corrupted, no pains have been spar'd to restore it. There are short notes at the bottom of several pages, which we are sure will be useful, and, we hope, entertaining. In fine, there is a great number of verses, that have the charms of novelty to recommend them; and several others, which have not got into the miscellanies, at least not into such as are much known; and which would be lost to the world, if they were not thus preserv'd. For all these reasons, the bookseller hopes This VOLUME will meet a favourable reception; returns his thanks to such as have contributed to it; and begs the continuance of their contributions, in order to complete a SECOND; which, by what have been sent, that could not come into this, is pretty well help'd forward.

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*From Words so sweet new Grace the Notes receive;
And Music borrows Helps, she us'd to give.*

TICKELL.

A



A
COLLECTION
OF
EPIGRAMS.

I.

PROMETHEUS *ill painted.*



OW wretched does *Prometheus*' state appear,
Whilst he his second mis'ry suffers here !
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd
stands,

He blame great *Jove*'s less than the painter's hands;
It would the vulture's cruelty out-go,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, *Jove*, and his bold theft allow ;
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

A Collection of Epigrams.



II.

On a Lady who pretended to tell Fortunes.

SOME oracles of old, to cause more wonder,
Were then pronounc'd accompany'd with thunder :
But thy predictions come not in a storm,
They are deliver'd by the brightest form :
If, when you speak, *Jove* does not pierce the sky,
Yet still you've all his Lightning in your eye.

III.

ANTIENT *Phyllis* has young graces ;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one :
Shall I tell you how ?
She herself makes her own faces ;
And each morning wears a new one :
Where's the wonder now ?

IV.

THOU swear'st thou'lt drink no more : kind heaven,
send
Me such a cook, or coachman ; but no friend.

V.

A Collection of Epigrams.



V.

The Rapture.

CRY'D *Strepson*, panting in *Cosmelia's* arms,
I die, bright nymph, I die amidst your charms!
Chear up, dear youth, reply'd the maid,
Dissolv'd in am'rous pain,
All men must Die (bright boy, you know)
Ere they can Rise again.

VI.

VENUS mistaken. *by M. Prior*

WHEN *Cloe's* picture was to *Venus* shown;
Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own:
And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
Pleas'd *Cupid* heard, and check'd his mother's pride:
And who's blind now, mamma? the urchin cry'd.
'Tis *Cloe's* eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend *Howard's* genius fancy'd all the rest.

A Collection of Epigrams:



VII.

*Spoken by VENUS on seeing her Statue done
by Praxyteles.*

ANCHISES, PARIS, and ADONIS too,
Have seen me naked, and expos'd to view;
All these I freely own, without denying:
But where has this *Praxyteles* been prying?

VIII.

WHEN *Phyllis* confess'd her, the father was rash,
And so, without further reflection,
Her delicate skin he condemn'd to the lash,
While himself would bestow the correction.
Her husband, who heard this, oppos'd it, by urging,
That he, in regard to her weakness,
And to save her soft back, would himself bear the
scourging,
With humble submission and meekness.
She piously cry'd, when the priest gave accord,
To shew what devotion was in her,
He's able and lusty, pray cheat not the Lord,
For, alas! I'm a very great sinner.

A Collection of Epigrams.



IX.

MISS for the court-service is quickly prepar'd,
And thinks it no burthen upon her;
Unmindful that there no task is so hard,
As that of a *Maid of Honour*.

X.

VERY nicely thou lay'st on thy colours, dear *Nan*,
And no painter in skill can o'ertop ye;
When to *Ellys* you sat, he dully brush'd on,
Till he thought he had an Original drawn,
Which you prov'd to be only a Copy.

XI.

SEV'N times a day the just men sin;
So speaks the sage, our hearts to soften:
Well, the just Women, they fall in?
Ay, but no sage can tell how often.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XII.

*On the Lady SANDWICH's being staid in
Town by immoderate Rain.*

THE charming *Sandwich* would from cities fly,
While at her feet adoring princes lie ;
And all her nobler conquests would forego,
Lefs glorious slaves and peasants to subdue :
Thus conqu'ring monarchs, who have kingdoms won,
And all their neighb'ring states with arms o'er-run,
For want of work, their armies to employ,
Remote and savage provinces destroy :
But hea'vn in pity weeps, while we complain ;
Or else, our tears, exhal'd, drop down in rain :
The darken'd sun does scarce thro' clouds appear,
And tempests rage, to keep our wishes here :
The floods free passage to her scorn deny,
And nature disobey's her cruelty.
But could the waves rise equal to our flame,
We'd drown the world, to stop the flying dame.



XIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XIII.

An EPI TAPH.

U NDERNEATH this stone doth lie
As much Beauty as could die ;
Which in life did harbour give
To more Virtue than doth live.

XIV.

W HEN *Lupus* has wrought hard all day,
And the declining sun,
By stooping to embrace the sea,
Tells him the day's nigh done ;
Then to his young wife home he hies,
With his sore labour sped ;
Who bids him welcome home, and cries,
Pray, husband, come to bed.
Thanks, wife, quoth he ; but I were blest,
Would'st thou once call me to my Rest.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XV.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, drawing
the Lady HIDE's Picture.

THE Cyprian queen, drawn by *Apelles*' hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern stand ;
But then bright nymphs, from every part of *Greece*,
Did all contribute to adorn the piece ;
From each a several charm the painter took,
(For no one mortal so divine could look :)
But, happier *Kneller*, fate presents to you,
In one, that finish'd beauty which he drew.
But oh ! take heed, for vast is the design,
And Madness 'twere for any hand but thine :
For mocking thunder bold *Salmonus* dies :
And 'tis as rash to imitate her Eyes.

XVI.

BUT ancient poets thou admirest none,
And only praisest them are dead and gone ;
I beg your pardon, good *Vacerra*, I
Can't on such terms find in my heart to die.

XVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XVII.

by Mr. Motley

THY eyes and eye-brows I could spare ;
Nor for thy nose do I much care ;
I could dispense, too, with thy teeth ;
And with thy lips, and with thy breath,
And with thy breast, and with thy belly,
And with that which I won't tell ye ;
And, to be short - - - hark, in thy ear ;
Faith I could spare thee All, my dear.

XVIII.

THOU strut'st as if thou wert the only Lord ;
When we all know of such there is an house,
Where I might sit, cou'd I the price afford,
And *Child* has now three earldoms out at use.

High expectation does attend good seed ;
Yet none will buy a known jade for his breed :
Boast not too much, thy boasted pedigree ;
Were they alive, they'd be asham'd of thee.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XIX.

To a LADY playing on the Lute.

† **T**o burning *Rome* when frantick *Nero* play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprize,
Confest them less than those of *Anna's* eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like *Amphyon's* hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town.
Malice to musick had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

XX.

SAYS *Richard* to *Joe*, Thour't a very sad dog,
And thou can'st write verses no more than a log.
Says *Joseph* to *Dick*, Pr'ythee, ring-rhime, get hence,
Sure my verse at least is as good as thy sense.
Was e'er such a contest recorded in song?
The one's in the right; and the other's not wrong.

XXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXI.

M----, tho' he must abstain from meat,
Yet won't abstain from spite ;
The rogue has nothing left to eat,
Yet can't forbear to bite.

XXII.

Th' expence in perfumes is a most vain sin,
Except thou could'st, fir *Ralph*, wear them within.

XXIII.

On the Death of Mrs. B^{owes} s.

How blest a life ! how short its date !
'Twas *Semele's* and *Danae's* fate.
In golden showers the lover came,
Like thundring *Jove* he clasp'd the dame ;
The victim of too fierce a flame.

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XXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXIV.

On the same Occasion.

Written extempore by the Lady M. W. Montagu

HAIL, happy bride ! for thou art truly blest,
Three months of rapture crown'd with endless rest
Merit like yours was heav'n's peculiar care,
You lov'd ---- yet tasted happiness sincere.
To you the sweets of love were only shown,
The sure succeeding bitter dregs unknown :
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord ;
Nor felt the pains that jealous fondness brings,
Nor wept the coldness from possession springs :
Above your sex distinguish'd in your fate ;
You trusted ----- yet experienc'd no deceit.
Soft were your hours, and wing'd with pleasure flew,
No vain repentance gave a sigh to you ;
And if superior bliss heav'n can bestow,
With fellow-angels you enjoy it now.



A Collection of Epigrams:



XXV.

Occasioned by the foregoing.

THO' all the world knows
The fate of poor *B* ~~ow~~;
Yet writers about it do vary;
Some folks make a face,
And pity her case;
'Tis the Envy of good lady *Mary*.

She says, she don't know
How heav'n can bestow
Any joy like the death of that bride;
Whence some people say,
Could she chuse her own way,
Ere now she had certainly dy'd.

But here's the mistake,
If her mind she would speak,
The meaning appears very plain;
She would ever be trying,
But to *B* ~~ow~~ leave the dying;
Her choice is to Live in the pain.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXVI.

VAIN are the charms of white and red,
Which divide the blooming fair ;
Give me the nymph whose snow is spread,
Not o'er her face, but hair.

Of smoother cheeks the winning grace,
As open forces, I defy ;
But in the wrinkles of her face,
Cupid does in ambush lie.

If naked eyes set hearts on blaze,
And am'rous warmth inspire ;
'Thro' glafs, who darts her pointed rays,
Lights up a fiercer fire.

Nor rivals, nor the train of years,
Disturb my peace, or bliss destroys ;
Alive, she gives no jealous fears,
And Dead, she crowns my joys.

XXVII.

LOVE - TEARS.

BOAST not a golden rain, O *Jove* ; behold,
Cupid descends in thow'rs more rich than gold.

XXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXVIII.

EPITAPH upon a Country Sexton.

HERE lies old *Sare*, worn out with care,
Who whilome toll'd the bell ;
Could dig a grave, or set a stave,
And say *amen* full well.

For sacred song, he'd *Hopkins'* tongue,
And *Sternbold's* eke also :
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far's his word wou'd go.

The worms have lost their good old host,
Who them full often fed ;
For he is gone, with skin and bone,
To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here, take his spade, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath ;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work with death.

XXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXIX.

The Old Gentry.

THAT all from *Adam* first begun,
Sure none (but *W----*) doubts ;
And that his son, and his son's son
Were plowmen, clowns, and louts.

Here lies the only diff'rence now ;
Some shot off late, some soon :
Your fires i'th' Morning left the plough,
And ours i'th' Afternoon.

XXX.

*Upon a Company of bad Dancers to good
Musick.
by Eust: Budgell*

How ill the motion with the musick suits !
So *Orpheus* fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

XXXI.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD *Orpheus* play'd so well, he mov'd *Old Nick*,
While thou mov'st nothing, but thy fiddle-stick.

XXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXXII.

HERE *Cloe* lies,
Whose once bright eyes
Set all the world on fire :
And not to be
Ungrateful, she
Did all the world admire.

XXXIII.

Written in the Leaves of a Fan, by Dr.
ATTERBURY, late Bishop of Rochester.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can with resistless art employ ;
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love ;
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* bow ;
Gives Coolness to the matchless dame,
To every other breast a Flame.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXXIV.

EPITAPH *on* DUNDEE.

O Last and best of *Scots*! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land, now thou art gone,
New Gods the temples, and new Kings the throne.
Scotland and thou did in each other live,
Thou wouldst not her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who living didst support the state,
And couldst not fall but with thy country's fate.

XXXV.

*On the PRINCE's appearing at the Fire in
Spring-Garden, 1716.*

THY guardian, blest *Britannia*! scorns to sleep
When the sad subjects of his father weep!
Weak princes, by their fears, increase distress;
He faces danger, and so makes it less.
Tyrants on blazing towns may smile with joy;
He knows to *save* is greater than *destroy*.

XXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXXVI.

In a Lady's Prayer-Book.

WHILST you are deaf to love, you may,
 Fairest *Calista*, weep and pray,
And yet, alas ! no mercy find :
Not but God's merciful, 'tis true ;
But can you think he'll grant to you,
 What you deny to all mankind ?

XXXVII.

WHEN *Israel* first provok'd the living Lord,
 He scourg'd their sin with famine, plague, and
 sword ;
Still they rebell'd ; the God in's wrath did fling
No thunderbolt amongst them, but a King :
A *James*-like king was heav'n's severest rod,
The utmost vengeance of an angry God.
God in his wrath sent *Saul* to punish *Jewry*,
And *James* to *England* in a greater fury :
For *Saul* in sin was no more like our *James*,
Than little *Jordan* can compare to *Thames*.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XXXVIII.

MYRA in her Riding Habit.

WHEN *Myra* in her sex's garb we see,
The Queen of Beauty then she seems to be;
Now, fair *Adonis*, in this male-disguise;
Or *Cupid*, killing with his mother's eyes:
No file of empire's chang'd by this remove,
Who seem'd the Goddess, seems the God of Love.

XXXIX.

To the Dutchess of BEAUFORT.

OFF-SPRING of a tuneful fire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace.
You with double charms surprize,
With His wit, and with Her eyes.

XL.

THOU'RT soft to touch, charming to hear; unseen
Thou'rt both; but neither, take away the screen.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XL I.

A Whitechapel Epitaph.

HERE lies honest *Stephen*, with *Mary* his bride,
Who merrily liv'd, and chearfully dy'd;
They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank while they
were able,

But now they are forc'd to knock under the table.
This marble, which formerly serv'd them to drink on,
Now covers their bodies; a sad thing to think on,
That do what one can to moisten our clay,
'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

XLII.

Epitaph on a talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this silent stone is laid
A noisy antiquated maid,
Who from her cradle talk'd till death,
And ne'er before was out of breath.
Whither she's gone we cannot tell;
For, if she talks not, she's in Hell:
If she's in Heav'n, she's there unblest;
Because she hates a place of rest.

XLIII.

A Collection of Epigrams



XLIII.

I OWE, says *Metius*, much to *Colon's* care ;
Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir :
True, *Metius* ; hence your fortunes take their rise ;
His Heir you were not, had he seen you Twice.

XLIV.

*On the Death of the late Earl of MOUNT-
CASSEL, who died in his Tenth Year.*

C HILDREN are snatch'd away sometimes
By death, to punish parents crimes.
Thy mother's merit was so great,
Heav'n hasten'd thy untimely fate,
To make her character complete.
Tho' many virtues fill'd her breath,
'Twas resignation crown'd the rest.

XLV.

A CHARACTER.

SOMETIMES to sense ; sometimes to nonsense leaning ;
But always blund'ring round about his meaning.

XLVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XLVI.

SELINDA sure's the brightest thing,
That decks our earth, or breathes our air :
Mild are her looks like opening spring,
And like the blooming summer fair.

But yet her wit's so very small,
That all her charms appear to lie,
Like glaring colours on a wall,
And strike no further than the eye.

Our eyes luxuriously she treats,
Our ears are absent from the feast :
One sense is surfeited with sweets,
Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen, with aspect bright,
And tawdry pride, a tulip swell,
Blooming and beauteous to the sight,
Dull and insipid to the smell.

XLVII.

by M. prior

To *John* I ow'd great obligation,
But *John*, unhappily, thought fit,
To publish it to all the nation ;
Sure *John* and I are more than quit.

XLVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XLVIII.

CLOE her gossips entertains
With stories of her child-bed pains,
And fiercely against *Hymen* rails ;
But *Hymen*'s not so much to blame :
She knows, unless her mem'ry fails,
Before she wed, she'd much the same.

XLIX.

WHEN *Lesbia* first I saw, so heav'nly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air,
I thought my heart, which durst so high aspire,
As bold as his, who snatch'd celestial fire :
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her *Eyes* enthrall'd, her *Tongue* unbound.

L.

*On a Gentleman who died the Day after his
Lady. S. J. Wotton.*

SHE first departed ; he for one Day try'd
To live without her ; lik'd it not, and dy'd.

A Collection of Epigrams:



LI.

THAT *Macro's* looks are good, let no man doubt;
Which I, his friend and servant, thus make out.
On his dark forehead a false friend is writ;
Let none condemn the light that shews a pit.
Cocles whose face finds credit for his heart,
Who can escape so smooth a villain's art?
Adorn'd with every grace that can persuade,
Seeing, we trust; and trusting, are betray'd:
His looks are snares: but *Macro's* cry, Beware;
Believe not, tho' ten thousand oaths he swear.
If thou'rt deceiv'd, observing well this rule,
Not *Macro* is the knave, but thou the fool.
In this one point he and his looks agree,
As they betray their master, so did he.

LII.

OF all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
Cotin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
Others outrageous scold, and rail downright,
With hearty rancour, and true christian spite:
But he a readier method does design;
Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LIII.

I HATE, and yet I love thee too :
How can that be ? I know not how ;
Only that so it is I know,
And feel with torment that 'tis so.

LIV.

A Fable and Moral, to King WILLIAM III.

IN *Æsop's* tales an honest wretch we find,
Whose years and comforts equally declin'd ;
He in two wives had two domestick ills,
They different ages had, and different wills ;
One pluck'd his black hairs out, and one his grey ;
The man, for quiet sake, did both obey,
Till all the parish saw his head quite bare,
And thought he wanted brains as well as hair.

The parties, hen-peck'd monarch, are thy wives ;
The hairs they pluck, are thy prerogatives ;
Tories thy person hate, the *Whigs*, thy power ;
Too much thou yieldest, still they tug for more ;
Till this poor man and thou alike are shown,
He without hairs, and thou without a crown.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LV.

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

CLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive ;
Behold the strange effects of time !
Marries, and doats at forty-five.

Thus weather-cocks, who for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

LVI.

MARTIAL, *Lib. I. Epig. 58.*

DICK, would you know, if I should change my life,
What kind of girl I'd chuse to make my wife ;
I would not have her be so fond to say,
Yes, at first dash ; nor dwell too long on Nay :
These two extremes I hate ; then let her be
'Twixt both ; nor too hard-hearted, nor too free.

A Collection of Epigrams:



LVII.

*On the Burser of St. John's College, Oxon,
cutting down a fine Row of Trees.*

INDULGENT nature to each kind bestows
A secret instinct to discern its foes :
The goose, a silly bird, avoids the fox ;
Lambs fly from wolves ; and sailors steer from rocks ;
A rogue the gallows, as his fate, foresees,
And bears the like antipathy to Trees.

LVIII.

*Translated from an Inscription on a Medal of
LEWIS XIV.*

SECOND to Jove alone, in whom unite
Unbounded virtue, with unbounded might ;
Whether to succour innocents oppress,
Or quell those monsters which the world infest :
In vain the *Titans* against heav'n combine,
In vain th' imbattell'd squadrons pass the *Rhine*,
'Theirs is the Eagle, but the Thunder thine.

}

A Collection of Epigrams.



LIX.

On the Death of Queen MARY.

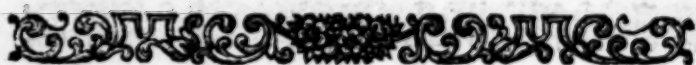
THE queen deceas'd so pleas'd, the king so griev'd,
As if the hero dy'd, the woman liv'd ;
Alas ! we err'd i'th' choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted, and she gone to *Flanders*.

LX.

*On a Monument intended to be erected for
Mr. ROWE, by his Widow, written
before Mr. DRYDEN's was set up.*
by A. pope.

THY reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair shrine we trust,
And, sacred, place by *Dryden's* awful dust.
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy tomb shall guide enquiring eyes ;
Peace to thy gentle shade and endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest ;
One grateful woman, to thy fame, supply'd,
What a whole thankless land to his deny'd.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXI.

BAKER and poet swell thy glorious name,
The first thy living gets ; the last, thy fame :
But if thy bread be, as thy verses, light,
Our good lord mayor thy genius shall requite,
And on the baker do the poet right.

}

LXII.

BEAUTY 's but a short-liv'd flower,
Alas ! too subject to decay,
That blooms, th' amusement of an hour,
And sheds its glory with the day.

Whoever ancient *Phyllis* knows,
Will find this literally true ;
Mark on her cheeks the blushing rose,
Short-liv'd, as on the tree it grew.

Tho' on the beauties of each feature,
Th' embellishments of art are laid,
Yet all her charms, to copy nature,
Bloom in the morn, at ev'ning fade.

LXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXIII.

From MARTIAL.

By a *Ravenna* vintner once betray'd,
So much for wine and water mix'd, I paid;
But when I thought the purchas'd liquor mine,
The rascal fobb'd me off with only wine.

LXIV.

E P I T A P H on a young Lady.

So fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a judgment, and so rare a wit,
Require at least an age in one to meet.
In her they met; but long they could not stay,
'Twas gold too fine to fix without allay.
Heav'n's image was in her so well exprest,
Her very sight upbraided all the rest:
Too justly ravish'd from an age like this;
Now she is gone, the world is of a piece.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXV.

Upon a Picture of the Lady HIDE.

WHEN fam'd *Apelles* sought to frame
Some image of th' *Idalian* dame,
To furnish graces for the piece,
He summon'd all the nymphs of *Greece* ;
So many mortals were combin'd,
To shew how one immortal shin'd.
Hadst thou thus sat by proxy too,
As *Venus* then was said to do,
Venus herself, and all her train
Of goddesses had summon'd been :
The painter must have search'd the skies,
To match the lustre of your eyes.
Comparing then, while thus we view,
The ancient *Venus* and the new,
In her we many Mortals see,
As many Goddesses in thee.

LXVI.

by Lord Lansdown.

BRIGHT as the day, and as the morning fair,
Such *Cloe* is ----- and common as the air.

LXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXVII.

IF beauteous *Kitty* boasts a charm,
Her picture boasts the same ;
With life the glowing cheeks are warm,
The sparkling eyes on flame.

How bold the strokes ! how free the air !
The colours how laid on !
We think 'twill leave the canvas bare,
And walk, and talk, anon.

So far, dear painter, all is well ;
And could'st thou more express,
Howe'er thy art the most excel,
Thy piece would please the less.

For he that *Kitty's* picture makes,
Makes beauty's self appear ;
But, if it speaks as *Kitty* speaks,
'Tis folly's self we hear.

LXVIII.

On a Statue of NIOBE.

TO stone the gods have chang'd her ; ---but in vain ;
The sculptor's art gave her to breathe again.

LXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXIX.

Upon a Cravat, flourish'd by Mrs. —

WHEN *Mira* casts around her conquering eyes,
A thousand victims fall a sacrifice ;
No bounds her charms acknowledge, but her will ;
And wherefoe'r she darts, a look, can kill ;
Why should she then new artifices find,
T'extend her pow'r, and vanquish human kind
Cannot the pointed rays shot from her eyes,
Her graceful person, and her mien, suffice ;
But she must triumph in acquired art,
And turn her very needle to a dart ?

LXX.

The Dart.

WHENE'ER I look, I may descry
A little face peep thro' that eye :
Sure, that's the boy, who wisely chose
His throne among such beams as those,
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,
May serve for darts to kill withal.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXI.

On MILTON.
by J. Dryden.

THREE poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn :
The first, in loftiness of thought surpast ;
The next, in majesty ; in both the last.
The force of nature could no farther go ;
To make a third, she join'd the former two.

LXXII.

To SILVIA, reading St. BERNARD's Life.

'T WAS well for Bernard, he was born
Some ages ere thy cruel scorn
The captive world had ruin'd and undone :
For had heav'n otherwise decreed,
Those eyes had ne'er the saint's life read,
But he had seen them, and to hell had gone.

LXXIII.

Lingua potentior armis.

THAT speech surpasses force, is no new whim :
Jove caus'd the heav'ns to tremble ; Juno him.

LXXIV

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXIV.

OF two reliefs to ease a love-sick mind,
Flavia prescribes despair : I urge, be kind :
Flavia be kind ; the remedy's as sure ;
'Tis the most pleasant, and the quickest cure.

LXXV.

*Upon NICOLINI and VALENTINI's first
coming to the House in the Hay-market.*

AMPHIO N strikes the vocal lyre,
And ready at his call,
Harmonious brick and stone conspire
To raise the *Theban* wall.

In emulation of his praise,
Two *Latian* heroes come,
A sinking theatre to raise,
And prop *Van's* tottr'ing dome.

But how this last should come to pass
Must still remain unknown,
Since these poor gentlemen, alas !
Bring neither brick, nor stone.

A Collection of Epigrams:



LXXVI.

The contented Mistress.

To charming *Celia*'s arms I flew,
And there all night I feasted :
No god such transport ever knew,
No mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous joy,
And pleas'd beyond expressing,
How can your slave, my fair, said I,
Reward so great a blessing ?

The whole creation's wealth survey,
Thro' both the *Indies* wander :
Ask what brib'd senates give away,
And fighting monarchs squander.

The richest spoils of earth and air,
The rifled ocean's treasure ;
'Tis all too poor a bribe, by far,
To purchase so much pleasure.

She blushing, cry'd ---- My life, my dear,
Since *Celia* thus you fancy ;
Give her ---- but 'tis too much, I fear,
A rundlet of right *Nantcy*.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXVII.

MENDAX, 'tis said, thou'rt such a lyar grown,
That thou'st renounc'd all truth ; and 'tis well
done :

Lying best fits our manners and our times ;
But pr'ythee, *Mendax*, do not praise my rhymes.

LXXVIII *

by M: prior

TEN months after *Florimel* happen'd to wed,
And was brought, in a laudable manner, to bed ;
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise :
But when *Florimel* chose to lie privately in,
Twelve months before she and her spouse were akin,
She chose, with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once
squeal.

Learn husbands from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

* See this same thought in N°. XLII, but better done here ;
that is a bare translation from the *French* ; the poet here has only
taken the hint.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXIX.

AMONG the fair that *Hide Park Circus* grace,
Canidia seeks admirers of her face ;
In vain her airs, in vain her arts she tries,
Among those beauties that engage all eyes :
Bright rays, like di'monds, they around 'em fling,
Whilst she is but the *Cypher* of the *Ring*.

LXXX.

To a Fool going to travel.

You say you'll spend a thousand pound,
The world and men to know,
And take a tour, all *Europe* round,
Improving as you go.

Dear *Jack*, in search of others sense,
Discover not your own ;
But wisely double the expence,
That you may pass unknown.

LXXXI.

MAN and Money, a mutual friendship show ;
Man makes false Money ; Money makes Man so.
LXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXXII.

EPITAPH upon a Gentleman and his Son.

THIS peaceful tomb does now contain,
Father and son together laid ;
Whose living virtues shall remain
When they, and this, are quite decay'd.

What man could be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth could do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown ;
What youth could promise, in the son.

But death, obdurate, both destroy'd,
The perfect fruit, and opening bud ;
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

LXXXIII.

On Enjoyment.

THE thund'rer, who, without the female bed,
Could goddesses bring forth from his own head,
Chose rather mortals this way to create ;
So much h' esteem'd his pleasure 'bove his state.

LXXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXXIV.

*On a Picture of Mrs. ARABELLA HUNT;
drawn playing on a Lute after her Death.*

WERE there on earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine,
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

LXXXV.

*To OLIVER CROMWEL: By the
famous Mr. LOCKE.*

A Peaceful sway the great *Augustus* bore,
O'er what great *Julius* gain'd by arms before.
Julius was all with martial trophies crown'd;
Augustus for his peaceful arts renown'd.
Rome calls 'em great, and makes 'em deities;
That, for his valour; This, his policies.
You, mighty prince, than both are greater far,
Who rule, in peace, that world you gain'd by war:
You sure from heav'n a finish'd hero fell,
Who thus alone two pagan gods excel.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXXVI.

On Lady SUNDERLAND.

ALL nature's charms in *Sunderland* appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to her self alone.

LXXXVII.

NATURE, in pity, has deny'd you shape,
Else how should mortals *Flavia's* chain escape?
Your radiant aspect, and your rosy bloom,
Without this form, would bring a general doom:
At once our ruin, and relief we see;
At sight are captives, and at sight are free.

LXXXVIII.

PAULUS, the famous quack, renown'd afar,
For killing more than pestilence or war,
Of late, in orders, is a curate made,
And buries people---- not to change his trade.

LXXXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



LXXXIX.

To Dr. SWIFT : By a Gentleman who imitated his Manner and Stile in Writing.

You who first taught us in this isle
True humour, dress'd in beauteous stile,
Apollo's substitute, most fit
To raise and cultivate our wit :
In this we have our different view,
You rival him, we copy you ;
And copy too with great mistake,
Those noble draughts you often make.
So when the buckler, drop'd by fate,
From heav'n, to save the *Roman* state ;
Others were made, a common crew,
To guard, but not eclipse the true.
Our whole pretence to pass for wits,
Is that we are your counterfeits.

XC.

On a crooked, cross-grain'd Woman.

SHE's bent like a nine-pence, and would have been
broken,
Had not nature intended the devil a token.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XCI.

On some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.
by Mr. Dodsley.

THOSE envious flakes came down in haste,
To prove her breast less fair :
Grieving to find themselves surpast,
Dissolv'd into a tear.

XCII.

NATURE's chief gifts unequally are carv'd ;
She surfeits some, while many more are starv'd :
Her bread, her wine, her gold, and what before
Was common good, is now made private store :
Nothing that's good we have among us common ;
But all enjoy the common ill - - - a woman.

XCIII.

PAULA, thou fain would'st marry me,
Now thou art old and tough ;
I cannot : yet I'd venture thee,
Wert thou but old enough.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XCIV.

Lady CARLISLE going to the Country.

AT once the sun and *Carlisle* took their way
To warm the frozen north, and kindle day;
The flowers to both their glad creation ow'd,
Their virtue he, their beauty she, bestow'd.

XCV.

*Upon a Lady, who finding her Pocket wet,
pretended she had broke her Hartshorn Bottle
in it.*

YE sons of verse, transmit to fame,
How blest the life of miss is;
When she breaks wind, *Shock* bears the blame;
And hartshorn, when she pisses. †

† We are afraid the humour of this turn won't be sufficient to excuse the indecency; but let our readers consider how difficult it is to find every excellence in conjunction; it is certainly an epigram according to the strictest rules.

XCVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



XCVI.

To Lady MARY CHURCHILL.

FAIREST and latest of thy beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit, and her first blooming
face.

Born with our liberties in *William's* reign ;
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

XCVII.

EPITAPH *on a Gentleman who died by*
taking CANTHARIDES.

HERE old *Grubbinol* lies,
Upon very odd terms ;

First a prey to the *flies*,

Now a prey to the *worms*.

Let those who grieve for him not wonder he's flown,
For the carcass must rot, when the flesh is *fly-blown*.

Yet this may be said in his praise,
Tho' death, cruel death, from us tore him,

He died by endeavouring to raise
His friend, who lay dead before him.

XCVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.

XCVIII.

On Mrs. DASHWOOD.

FAIR as the blushing grape she stands,
F Tempting the gatherer's ready hands ;
Blossoms and fruit in her together meet,
As ripe as *Autumn*, and, like *April*, sweet.

XCIX.

*On a Lady who shed her Water at seeing the
Tragedy of CATO.*

WHILST maudlin whigs deplore their *Cato's* fate,
Still with dry eyes the tory *Celia* sat ;
But, tho' her pride forbad her eyes to flow,
The gushing waters found a vent below.
Tho' secret, yet with copious streams she mourns,
Like twenty river-gods, with all their urns.
Let others screw an hypocritick face,
She shews her grief in a sincerer place !
Here nature reigns, and passion, void of art ;
For this road leads directly to the heart.

A Collection of Epigrams.



C.

Drinking Lady BRIDGEWATER's Health.

ALL health to her, in whose bright form we find
Excess of charms, with native meekness join'd ;
Whose tender beauty, safe in virtue's care,
Springs from a race so fruitful of the fair.
That all antiquity can boast no more ;
For *Venus* and the Graces were but four.

CI.

OF injur'd fame, and mighty wrongs receiv'd,
Cloe complains, and wondrously's aggriev'd :
That free and lavish of a beauteous face,
The fairest and the foulest of her race,
She's mine, or thine, and stroling up and down,
Sucks in more filth than any sink in town :
I not deny, this, I have said is true ;
What wrong ! to give so bright a nymph her due ?

CII.

A Cure for POETRY.

SEVEN wealthy towns contend for *HOMER* dead,
Thro' which the *living* *HOMER* beg'd his bread.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CIII.

CORNUS proclaims aloud, his wife's a whore ;
Alas, good *Cornus*, what can we do more ?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one ;
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

CIV.

On a painted Lady with bad Teeth.

WERE men so dull, they could not see
That *Lyce* painted ; should they flee,
Like simple birds, into a net
So grossly woven, and ill set,
Her own teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair *Lyce* must not show,
If she would bite. Her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes :
The rotten bones, discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CV.

IN church, the pray'r-book, and the fan display'd,
And solemn curt'sies, shew the wily maid ;
At plays, the leering looks, and wanton airs,
And nods, and smiles, are fondly meant for snares.
Alas ! vain charmer, you no lovers get ;
There you seem hypocrite, and here coquet.

CVL

Written in the blank Leaf of an OVID.

OVID is the surest guide,
You can find, to shew the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who intends to go astray.

CVH.

THAI'S, her teeth are black and nought,
Lucania's white are grown ;
But what's the reason ? These are bought,
The other wears her own.

CVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CVIII.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of love's foes,
Though fiercer than a dragon ;
Phyllis, that scorn'd the powder'd beaus,
What has she now to brag on ?
So long she kept her legs so close,
Till they have scarce a rag on.

Compell'd, thro' want, this wretched maid
Did sad complaints begin ;
Which furly *Strephon* hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin,
To pity such a lazy jade,
As would not play nor spin.

CLX.

THE body which within this earth is laid,
Twice six weeks knew a wife, a faint, a maid ;
Fair maid, chaste wife, pure faint ; yet 'tis not strange,
She was a woman, therefore pleas'd to change ;
And now she's dead, some woman doth remain,
For still she hopes once to be chang'd again.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CX.

ADAM pos'd.

COULD our first father, at his toilsome plough,
Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow,
Cloath'd only in a rude unpolish'd skin;
Could he a vain, fantastick nymph have seen,
In all her airs, in all her antick graces,
Her various fashions, and more various faces;
How had it pos'd that skill, which late assign'd
Just appellations to each sev'ral kind,
A right idea of the fight to frame,
To guess from what new element she came,
To hit the wavering form, or give the thing a
name. }

CXI.

On the Alliance between SPAIN and GERMANY,
1726.

NEVER before did fate dispense
A friendship, ev'ry way so meet;
Great Charles's hope is Philip's sense;
And Philip's trust, is Charles's fleet.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXII.

by M: prior

THY nags (the leanest things alive)
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips, than hay.

CXIII.

*On Mrs. BARBIERE's first Appearance on
the Stage.*

NO pleasure new from *Nicolini's* tongue,
In vain he strives to move us with his song :
On a fair *Syren* we have fix'd our choice,
And wait, with longing ears, for *Barbiere's* voice :
When, lo ! the nymph, by bashful awe betray'd,
Her fault'ring tongue denies her looks its aid ;
But so much innocence adorns her fears,
And with such grace her modesty she wears,
By her disorder, all her charms encrease,
And had she better sung, she'd pleas'd us less.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXIV.

To morrow you will live, you always cry ;
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long e'er it arrive ?
Beyond the *Indies* does this morrow live ?
'Tis so far-fetch'd, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old, and very dear.
To morrow I will live, the fool does say :
To day itself's too late ; the wise liv'd yesterday.

CXV.

To a Lady who commended another's Eyes.

In vain by parallels you strive,
Panthea's eyes to praise ;
Perfection, which we can't conceive,
Itself alone displays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know
What dazzling rays they dart ;
But, if what piercing shafts they throw,
Then view my wounded heart.

CXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXVI.

To a Jealous Husband.

TELL me, *Sileno*, why you fill,
With fancy'd woes, your life ;
Why's all your time expended still,
In thinking, or in talking ill,
Of your too virtuous wife.

For, faith, I can't see to what end
You keep her up so close;
Nor how you could yourself offend,
That like a snail, my gloomy friend,
You never leave your house.

Ah ! were she but advis'd by me,
Her many taunts and scorns,
With int'rest should refunded be ;
She'd make a perfect snail of thee,
By decking thee with horns.

CXVII.

CLOE, new-marry'd, looks at men no more ;
Why then, 'tis plain, for what she look'd before.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXVIII.

JEALOUSY. *By a Lady.*

ON shield me from his rage, cœlestial powers,
This tyrant that imbitters all my hours.
Ah! love, you've poorly play'd the monarch's part,
You conquer'd, but you can't defend my heart.
So blest was I, throughout thy happy reign,
I thought this monster banish'd from thy train;
But you would raise him, to support your throne,
And now he claims your empire as his own:
Or tell me, tyrants, have you both agreed,
That where one reigns, the other shall succeed!

CXIX.

by M: prior

FROM her own native *France*, as old *Alison* past,
She reproach'd *English Nell*, with neglect, or with
malice,
That the flattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at *Calais*.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXX.

OVID, who bid the ladies laugh,
Spoke only to the young and fair ;
For ~~thee~~ his counsel were not safe,
Who of sound teeth hast scarce a pair.

If thou thy glass, or me, believe,
Shun mirth, as foplings do the wind ;
At *Pinkey's* face affect to grieve,
And let thy eyes alone be kind.

Speak not, tho' 'twere to give consent ;
For he that sees those rotten bones,
Will dread that monumental scent,
And fly your sighs, like dying greens.

If thou art wise, see dismal plays,
And to sad stories lend thy ear ;
With the afflicted spend thy days,
And laugh not above once a year.

CXXI.

To put out the word, Whore, thou do'st me woe,
Thro'out my book. 'Troth, put out Woman too.

CXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXII.

RUTT, to the suburb beauties full well known,
Was, from the bag, scarce crept into a gown,
When he, by telling of himself fine tales,
Was made a judge, and sent away to *Wales*.
'Twas proper, and most fit it should be so;
Whither should goats, but to the mountains go?

CXXIII.

Too conscious of her worth, a noble maid,
Balk'd many a lover, and her time out-stay'd;
While yet a peer, less doubting than the rest,
Defy'd her coldness, and attack'd her breast.
A spaniel whelp, and spaniel lord, declare
Their vows to serve, and hopes to please the fair:
The cautious nymph, still fearing a trapan,
Their fortune, wit, and worth did nicely scan;
Then, as the reason of the case is clear,
Embrac'd the puppy, and dismiss'd the peer.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXIV.

WHEN *Thomas* calls his wife, his half,
I like the fellow's whim ;
For why ? she horns him ; so the jilt
Belongs but half to him.

CXXV.

On Mrs. BIDDY FLOYD.
by D^r Swift

WHEN *Cupid* did his grandfire *Jove* intreat,
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene ;
From which ingredients, first, the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy :
The graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride ;
These *Venus* cleans'd from every spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain :
Jove mixt up all, and his best clay imploy'd ;
Then call'd the happy composition, *Floyd*.

CXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXVI.

To the Duke DE NOAILLES.

VAIN the concern which you express,
That, uncall'd, *Alard* will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night ;
And that *Mackbeth* was haunted less *
By *Banquo*'s restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve †
Good *Alard*, faith, is modester
By much, than you believe.

Lend him but fifty *Louis d'or*,
And you shall never see him more :

Take the advice ; *Probatum est*.
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest ?

* This epigram is address'd to the Duke *De Noailles*, if we may believe the title ; it is certainly very absurd, for that reason, to allude to an *English* play : the beauty of this comparison can only be understood by *Englishmen*, and indeed but by few of them. The verses, upon the whole, don't want wit ; but considering that the thought in the last stanza is stolen from a *French* epigram, it was, at least, impolitic to inscribe it to a *French* man of quality.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXVII.

Written on the Chamber Door of King

CHARLES II.

by J^d Rochester.

HERE lies the mutton-eating king,
Whose word no man relies on?
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

CXXVIII.

To a Lady who made Posies for Rings.

Conley

I Little thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see:
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little, much to shew,
Who all the good, she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

CXXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXIX.

CLARINDA, with a haughty grace,
In scornful postures sets her face,
And looks as she were born alone
To give, in love, and take from none.

Tho' I adore to that degree,
Clarinda, I would die for thee,
If you're too proud to ease my pain,
I am too proud for your disdain.

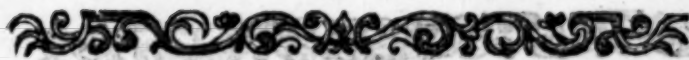
CXXX. *

GUILTY, because I bade you late be wise,
And, to conceal your ulcers, did advise;
You laugh when you are touch'd, and long before
Any man else, you clap your hands, and roar,
And cry, Good ! good ! This quite perverts my sense,
And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
Believe it, *Guilty*, if you lose your shame,
I'll lose my modesty, and tell your name.

* Compare this with N^o CCLVI.

CXXXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXXI.

On GILES and JOAN.

WHO says that *Giles* and *Joan* at discord be,
Th' observing neighbours no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor *Giles* repents he married ever;
But that his *Joan* doth too. And *Giles* would never,
By his free-will, be in *Joan*'s company;
No more would *Joan* he should. *Giles* riseth early,
And having got him out of doors is glad;
The like is *Joan*: But, turning home, is sad;
And so is *Joan*. Oft times when *Giles* doth find
Harsh fights at home, *Giles* wisheth he were blind;
All this doth *Joan*: Or, that his long-yearn'd life
Were quite out-spun; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, *Giles* swears are none
Of his begetting; and so swears his *Joan*.
In all affections she concurrereth still:
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The self same things, a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree.



CXXXII.

CXXXI

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXXII.

On a ROBBERY.

R IDWAY robb'd *Duncote* of three hundred pound;
 Ridway was taken, and condemn'd to die;
But, for his money, was a courtier found,
 Begg'd *Ridway's* pardon: *Duncote* now doth cry,
Robb'd both of money, and the law's relief,
The courtier is become the greater thief.

CXXXIII.

On the Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH's Picture.

H AD she but liv'd in *Cleopatra's* age,
When beauty did the earth's great lords engage,
Britain, not *Egypr*, had been glorious made;
Augustus then, like *Julius*, had obey'd:
A nobler theme had been the poet's boast,
That all the world for love had well been lost.



CXXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXXIV.

A Flower painted by VARELST.

By. W. Price
WHEN fam'd *Varels* this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view ;
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
And finishing the piece, she smiling said,
Behold one work of mine, which ne'er shall fade.

CXXXV.

ON his death-bed poor *Lubin* lies ;
His spouse is in despair ;
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson *Sly*,
The same effect may give ;
Poor *Lubin* fears, that he shall die ;
His wife, that he may live.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXXVI.

FYE, *Delia*, talk no more of love,
It galls me to the heart ;
You threescore are, I doubt, above,
For all your plaist'ring art.
And therefore spare your pains, you may ;
For, tho' you press one night and day,
I can't do what my soul abhors.
Or, by your art's assistance, tho' I might
Prevail upon my appetite,
I durst not couple tho' I swear
With you, of all the world, for fear
Of cuckolding my ancestors.

CXXXVII.

by M: prior

WHAT a frail thing is beauty, says baron *le Cras*,
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass ;
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she, more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage, prov'd the maxim too true ;
She drop'd the eye, and broke it.

CXXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXXXVIII.

To CHARINUS, an ugly Woman's Husband.

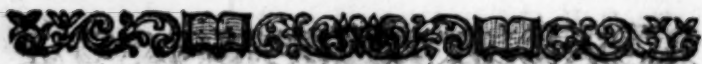
CHARINUS, 'twas my hap of late;
To have a sight of thy dear mate :
So white, so flourishing, so fair,
So trim, so modest, debonair ;
That if good *Jove* wou'd grant to me
A leash of beauties, such as she,
I'd give the devil, at one word,
Two, that he'd take away the third.

CXXXIX.

Upon a Patch on a Lady's Face.

THAT artful speck upon her face,
Had been a foil on one less fair ;
In her it hides a wounding grace,
And she, in mercy, plac'd it there.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXL.

From the GREEK.

GREAT *Bacchus*, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful fire;
Nourish'd near shady rills, and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his am'rous flames:
To all the brethren at the *Bell* and *Vine*,
The moral says, Mix water with your wine.

CXLI.

In Behalf of Mr. SOUTHERNE:

To the Duke of ARGYLE.

ARGYLE, his praise when *Southerne* wrote,
First struck out this, and then that thought,
Said, This was flatt'ry, That a fault:
How shall the bard contrive?
My Lord, consider what you do,
He'll lose his pains, and verses too;
For if these praises fit not you,
They'll serve no man alive.

CXLII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXLII.

CLOE brisk and gay appears,
On purpose to invite :
Yet, when I prefs her, she, in tears,
Denies her sole delight.

Whilst *Celia*, seeming shy and coy,
To all her favours grants ;
And secretly receives that joy,
Which others think she wants.

I would, but fear I never shall,
With either fair agree ;
For *Celia* will be kind to All,
But *Cloe* won't to Me.

CXLIII.

WHEN *Loveless* marry'd lady *Jenny*,
Whose beauty was ---- the ready penny ;
I chose her, says he, like old plate,
Not for the fashion, but the weight.

CXLIV.

A Collection of Epigrams



CXLIV.

To a Painter, drawing a LADY's picture.*
by Mr. Dennis

† **H**E* who great Jove's artill'ry ap'd so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell :
How then durst thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye ?
Painter desist ; or soon th' event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his arms as Jove.

CXLV.

A Self-Accuser.
by Dr. J. Donne

YOUR mistress, that you follow whores still taxeth
you ;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess it, tho't be true.

* This thought is used by another poet, see N°. XV. but much more elegantly here: who is the borrower, we can't decide ; but this may pass for one of the best epigrams in our language.

† Salmons.

CXLVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXLVI.

Epitaph on SALLY SALISBURY.

HERE flat on her back, but unactive at last,
Poor Sally lies under grim death ;
Thro' the course of her vices she gallop'd so fast,
No wonder she's now out of breath.

To the goal of her pleasures she drove very hard,
But was tripp'd up ere half way she ran :
And tho' every one fancied her life was a Yard,
Yet it prov'd to be less than a Span.

CXLVII.

by M. Prior

FRANK carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats !
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he eats.
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes,
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet, sighing, he says, he must certainly break,
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak,
For of late I invite him - - - but four times a week. }

CXLVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXLVIII.

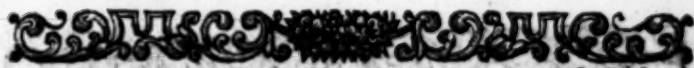
ARCHIMEDES's *Sphere* : From CLAUDIAN.

WHEN *Jove* *Archimedes's* sphere survey'd,
He smil'd, and to the heav'nly dwellers said,
Could mortal cunning such a work devise,
In brittle glass to imitate the skies ?
The laws, and rules, and orders of our heav'n,
The *Syracusan* to his globe has given ;
Well govern'd, all his various stars appear,
And whirl in certain motions round his sphere ;
His little sun performs its annual race,
And ev'ry month his moon renews her face ;
His brittle world the daring artist guides,
And o'er the stars a human mind presides :
Salmoncus counterfeited thunder hurl'd,
But here is one that counterfeits a world.

CXLIX.

BEST be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion ;
Since, by their error, we are taught,
That happiness is but opinion.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CL.

Go, said old *Lyce*, senseless lover, go,
And with soft verses court the fair; but know,
With all thy verses, thou canst get no more,
Than fools, without one verse, have had before.
Enrag'd at this, upon the bawd I flew;
And that which most enrag'd me, was, 'twas true.

CLI.

To a SEMPSTRESS.

O H! what bosom but must yield,
When, like *Pallas*, you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance?

Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

H

CLII.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CLII.

Mr. PRIOR's Epitaph.

NOBLES and heralds, by your leave,
Here lie the bones of *Matthew Prior*;
The son of *Adam* and of *Eve* :
Let *Bourbon* or *Nassau* go higher.

CLHI.

*Answer to PRIOR's Epitaph.**

HOLD, *Matthew Prior*, by your leave,
Your epitaph is somewhat odd ;
Bourbon and you are sons of *Eve*,
Nassau's the off-spring of a god.

CLIV.

On SUICIDE. From MARTIAL.

WHEN all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward creeps to death ; the brave lives on.

* This has a place here for no other reason but its relation to the preceding, which is delicate and beautiful ; the epitaph may pass for wit and nature, but the answer is no better than flattery and froth.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CLV.

*To a Lady, on seeing some Verses in Praise of
her, on a Pane of Glass.*

LET others, brittle beauties of a year,
See their frail names, and lovers vows writ here:
Who sings thy solid worth, and spotless fame,
On purest adamant should cut thy name:
Then would thy fame be from oblivion sav'd;
On thy own heart my vows must be engrav'd.

CLVI.

IN sporting mood, my *Celia* said,
You brag, and often boast you,
How much each tooth within my head,
At different times, has cost you.

I grant, my last were in your debt
A crown, or some such matter;
But those I've now, are a new set;
Or ask the operator.

H 2

CLVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLVII.

Advice to a late Translator of VIRGIL.

MIND but thy preaching, *Thou* translate no further:
Is it not written, *Thou shalt do no murther?*

CLVIII.

On a little House, built by a poetical Gentleman.

X A Bard, grown desirous of saving his pelf,
Built a house he was sure would hold none but himself:

This enrag'd god *Apollo*, who *Mercury* sent,
And bid him go ask, what his votary meant.
Some foe to my empire has been his adviser;
'Tis of dreadful portent, when a poet turns miser:
Tell him, *Hermes*, from me, tell that subject of mine,
I have sworn by the *Styx* to defeat his design;
For, where-ever he comes, the muses shall reign;
And the muses, he knows, have a numerous train.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLIX.

An EPI TAPH.

HERE innocence and beauty lies, whose breath
Was snatch'd by early, not untimely, death.
Hence did she go, just as she did begin
Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
Death, that does sin and sorrow thus prevent,
Is the next blessing to a life well-spent.

CLX.

SYLVIA, methinks you are unfit
For your great lord's embrace ;
For tho' we all allow you wit,
We can't a handsome face.

Then where's the pleasure, where's the good,
Of spending time and cost ?
For if your wit ben't understood,
Your keeper's bliss is lost.

H 3

CLXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXI.

To an angry Lady.

THESEUS, (if faith may build on fame)
Who courted with fa-la,
And won the furious fighting dame,
By cuffing, or club-law:
I believe, *Thalestris* won't deny,
Had much an easier task than I.

Hypolita was arm'd with spear,
But you with tongue dead-doing?
Then is not ours, my angry dear,
The fiercest way of wooing?
Her spark had found her courage true,
Had she but drove at him, like you.

When the fell noise of clashing swords
Upon their bucklers rung;
Had she but try'd the pow'r of words,
And lash'd him with her tongue,
She'd made the hero quickly yield,
Or, just as I do, — quit the field.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXII.

*On a handsome Woman with a fine Voice, but
very covetous and proud.*

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts, and their Orphans along;
But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have dy'd.

CLXIII.

BEFORE her husband *Lesbia* calls me names,
And at the leudness of the town exclaims:
This tickles the poor cuckold to the life,
And he thanks heav'n for such a virtuous wife.
Contented fool! ——— indeed you reason wrong;
If she were virtuous, she would hold her tongue;
Scandal and noise do not her virtue prove,
But are the marks of unextinguish'd love.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXIV.

De Die MARTIS & Die VENERIS.

SATURN, and *Sol*, and *Luna* chaste,
'Twixt *Mars* and *Venus* still are plac'd;
Whilst *Mercury* and *Jove* divide
The lovers on the other side.
What may the hidden mystery
Of this unriddled order be?
The gods themselves do justly fear,
That, should they trust these two too near,
Mars would be drown'd in *Venus*, and so they
Should lose a planet, and the week a day.

CLXV.*

O'ER this marble drop a tear:
Here lies fair *Rosalinde*;
All mankind was pleas'd with her,
And she with all mankind.

* Compare this with No. XXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXVI.

COME, *Meg*, be quick, and make the bed;
Now tuck the feet, now place the head;
I'll kiss you, if you do'n't bestir ye.
Quoth *Meg*, I can't abide to hurry.

CLXVII.

*On a high Arch, built over a small Stream by
a certain Nobleman.*

THE lofty arch his high ambition shows;
The stream, an emblem of his bounty, flows.

CLXVIII.

LOVE is begot by fancy, bred
By ignorance, by expectation fed,
Destroy'd by knowledge, and, at best,
Lost in the moment 'tis possess.

CLXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXIX.

*To a Person who wrote ill, and spake worse
against the Author.*

LIE, *Philo*, untouch'd, on my peaceable self;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself;
Then why should I answer, since first I must read thee?

Drunk with *Helicon's* waters, and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the fond delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage ~~done~~ of thy bookseller *Bragg*.

Pursue me with satire; what harm is there in't?
But from all *viva voce* reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print;
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

CLXX.

WHEN *Tadloe* walks the streets, the paviors cry,
God bless you, sit, -- and lay their rammers by.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXI.

To a ROMAN-CATHOLICK, upon Marriage.

CENSURE, and penance, excommunication,
Are bug-bear words, to fright a bigot nation ;
But 'tis the church's more substantial curse,
To damn us all, for better and for worse.
Falsely your church sev'n sacraments does frame ;
Penance and matrimony are the same.

CLXXII.

THAT thou dost shorten thy long nights with wine,
We all forgive thee ; for so *Cato* did :
That thou writ'st poems without one good line ;
Tully's example may that weakness hide.

Thou art a cuckold ; so great *Cæsar* was :
Eat'st till thou spew'st ; *Antonius* did the same :
That thou lov'st whores ; *Jove* loves a buxom lass :
But that thou'rt whipt, is thy peculiar shame.

CLXXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXIII.

LEAVE off thy paint, perfumes, and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honestly confess :
Double we see those faults, which art would mend ;
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

CLXXIV.

COSCUS, thou say'st my epigrams are long :
I'd take thy judgment on a pot of ale :
So thou may'st say the elephant's too strong,
A dwarf too short, the pyramid too tall :
Things are not long, where we can nothing spare ;
But, *Coscus*, ev'n thy distichs tedious are.

CLXXV.

by Ambrose Philips.
GEORGE came to the crown without striking a blow ;
Ah! quoth the pretender, would I could do so.

CLXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXVI.

Apology for Wedlock.

IN marriage are two happy things allow'd ;
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud ;
How can a marriage-state then be accurs'd,
Since the last day's as happy as the first ?

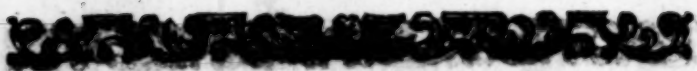
CLXXVII.

Written over a Gate.

HERE lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination ;
For which the learned, and the wise,
His understanding much despise :
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong :
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas ! it was decreed ?

CLXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXVIII.

LOVE and JEALOUSY.

How much are they deceiv'd, who vainly strive,
By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive :
Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn ; but then it longer lasts :
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt,
The blaze grows greater ; but 'tis sooner out.

CLXXIX.

Cacoethes Scribendi.

WHILE faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes ;
His case appears to me like honest *Teague's*,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phæbus, give *Philo* o'er himself command ;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand ;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink ;
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

CLXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CLXXX.

PHYLLIS's Age.

How old may *Phyllis* be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let envy view her face;
And *Phyllis* is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night, astronomers agree,
The ev'ning has the day bely'd;
And *Phyllis* is some forty-three.

CLXXXI.

For the AUTHOR's Tomb-stone.
by M: Prior

To me 'tis giv'n to die, to thee 'tis giv'n
To live; alas! one moment sets us ev'n:
Mark how impartial is the will of heav'n.



CLXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXXII.

THRASO picks quarrels, when he's drunk, at night ;
When sober, in the morning, dares not fight :
Thraso, to shun those ills that may ensue,
Drink not at night, or drink at morning too.

CLXXXIII.

Against an ATHEIST.

WHILST in his double-elbow chair
Young *Alcidor* does loll and swear,
No wonder, if a wretch, like me,
Am object of his raillery :
Why should not I a blockhead seem
To one, who does his God blaspheme ?
But no man thinks (whate'er he saith)
His words are articles of faith.

CLXXXIV.

THRO' servile flatt'ry thou dost all commend :
Who cares to please, where no man can offend ?

CLXXXV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXXV.

On a very homely Lady, that patch'd much.

YOUR homely face, *Flippanta*, you disguise
With patches, numerous as *Argus'* eyes :
I own that patching's requisite for you ;
For more we're pleas'd, if less your face we view :
Yet I advise, if my advice you'd ask,
Wear but one patch ; but be that patch a mask.

CLXXXVI.

MARTIAL, Lib. 1. Epig. 20.
by J. Browne

WHEN gammar Gurton first I knew,
Four teeth in all she reckon'd ;
Comes a damn'd cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two, a second.

Courage, old dame, and do not fear
The third, whene'er it comes :
Give me but t'other jug of beer,
And I'll ensure your gums.

CLXXXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXXVII.

VENUS and ADONIS.

SCARCE had the sun dry'd up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade ;
When *Cytherea* (all in love forlorn)
A longing tarriance for *Adonis* made,

Under an ozier, growing near a brook ;
A brook, where *Adon* us'd to cool his spleen :
Hot was the day, she hotter, that did look
For his approach, who often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim ;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him :

He spying her, bounc'd in ; where as he stood,
O *Jove* ! (quoth she) why was not I a flood ?

CLXXXVIII.

A licentious Person.
by D^r J. Donne

THY fins and hairs may no man equal call ;
For as thy fins increase, thy hairs do fall.

CLXXXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CLXXXIX

Written in CLARINDA's Prayer-Book,

I N vain, *Clarinda*, night and day,
I For mercy to the gods you pray :
What arrogance, on heav'n to call
For that, which you deny to all !

CXC.

Written in a Lady's Table Book.

W ITH what strange raptures would my soul be blest,
Were but her look an emblem of her breast ;
As I from that all former marks efface,
And, uncontroul'd, put new ones in their place ;
So might I chace all others from her heart,
And my own image in the stead impart :
But, ah ! how short the bliss would prove, if he
Who seiz'd it next, might do the same by me.

1.2

CXCI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXCI.

RICH *Gripe* does all his thoughts and cunning bend,
T'encrease that wealth he wants the soul to spend :
Poor *Shifter* does his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had *Gripe* his humour, or he *Gripe's* estate ?
Kind fate and fortune, blend 'em, if you can,
And, of two wretches, make one happy man.

CXCII. †

WHILST, in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting *Siren*, in thy tongue ;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd !
But, when the candle enter'd, I was cur'd.

† This is imitated from *Martial* very happily ; see it done
otherwise. N^o. XL.

CXCIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXCIII.

MARTIN, pox on him, that impudent devil,
That now only lives by his shifts,
By borrowing of driblets, and gifts;
For a forlorn guinea I lent him last day,
Which I was assur'd he never would pay;
On my own paper would needs be so civil,
To give me a note of his hand:
But I did the man so well understand,
I had no great mind to be doubly trapan'd:
And therefore told him 'twas needless to do't.
For, said I, I shall not be hasty to dun ye,
And 'tis surely enough to part with my money,
Without losing my paper to boot.

CXCIV.

LOVE unconcealable.

WHO can hide fire? If't be uncover'd, light;
If cover'd, smoke betrays it to the sight.
Love is that fire, which still some signs affords;
If hid, they're sighs; if open, they are words.

CXCV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXCV.

WHEN thou art ask'd to sup abroad,
Thou swear'st thou hast but newly din'd;
That eating late does overload
The stomach, and oppress the mind:

But if *Appicius* makes a treat,
The slender'st summons thou obey'st;
No child is greedier of the treat,
Than thou art of the bounteous feast.

There thou wilt drink, till every star
Be swallow'd by the rising sun:
Such charms hath wine we pay not for;
And mirth, at other's charge begun.

Who shuns his club, yet flies to every treat,
Does not a supper, but a reck'ning, hate.

CXCVI.

by M. Prior

THOU speakest always ill of me,
I always speak well of thee;
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one, nor t'other.

CXCVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CXCVII.

FANCY.

LOVE is by fancy led about,
From hope to fear, from joy to doubt ;
Whom we now a goddess call,
Divinely grac'd in every feature,
Straight's a deform'd, a perjur'd creature :
Love and hate are fancy all.

'Tis but as fancy shall present
Objects of grief, or of content,
That the lover's blest, or dies :
Visions of mighty pains, or pleasure,
Imagin'd want, imagin'd treasure,
All in powerful fancy lies.

CXCVIII.

by Lord Lansdown

WOMEN to cards may be compar'd : we play
A round or two ; when us'd, we throw away ;
Take a fresh pack ; nor is it worth our grieving,
Who cuts or shuffles with our dirty leaving.

CXCIX.

A Collection of Epigrams



CXCIX.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
Why such embroidery, fringe, and lace ?
Can any dresses find a way
To stop th' approaches of decay,
And mend a ruin'd face ?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
And ogle in the ring ?
Canst thou forget thy age and pox ?
Can all that shines on shells and rocks
Make thee a fine young thing ?

So have I seen, in larder dark,
Of veal a lucid loin,
Replete with many a starry spark,
As wise philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

CC.

ST. *Paul's* rule *Cotta* keeps t' his wife ; he's one,
That hath a wife, and is as if he'd none.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCI.

Turpe Lucrum Veneris.

WILL, in a wilful humour, needs would wed
A wench of wonder, but without a stock ;
Whose fame no sooner thro' the streets was spread,
But thither strait our chiefest gallants flock.
Put case she's poor ; brings she not chapmen on ?
I hope his stock may serve to graft upon.

CCII.

WHY do they say the goddess *Fortune's* blind,
Because she's only to th' unjust inclin'd ?
This reason nought her blindness does declare ;
They only fortune need, who wicked are.

CCIII.

Under the Picture of a BEAU.

THIS vain thing set up for a man ;
But see what fate attends him !
The powd'ring-barber first began,
The barber-surgeon ends him.

K

CCIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCIV.

To his false Mistress.

THOV saidst that I alone thy heart could move,
And that for me thou would'st abandon *Jove*.
I lov'd thee then, not with a love defil'd,
But as a father loves his only child.
I know thee now; and, tho' I fiercer burn,
Thou art become the object of my scorn.
See what thy falshood gets! I must confess,
I love thee more, but I esteem thee less.

CCV.

CLOE's the wonder of her sex:
'Tis well her heart is tender;
How might such killing eyes perplex,
With virtue to defend her?

But nature, graciously inclin'd,
Not bent to vex, but please us,
Has, to her boundless beauty, join'd
A boundless will to ease us.

CCVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCVI.

PALLAS and VENUS.

THE Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And beauty's pow'r obtain'd the golden fruit ;
When *Venus*, loose in all her naked charms,
Met *Jove's* great daughter, clad in shining arms :
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said ;
Yield, sister ; rival, yield ; naked, you see,
I vanquish ; guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came, in armour dress'd,
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest.

The warrior goddess with disdain reply'd ;
Thy folly, child, is equal to thy pride :
Let a brave enemy for once advise ;
And, *Venus*, (if 'tis possible) be wise :
Thou, to be strong, must put off ev'ry dress ;
Thy only armour is thy nakedness :
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By *Mars* himself that armour has been try'd.



K 2

CCVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCVII.

To Mr. POPE, on his Translation of HOMER.

So much, dear *Pope*, thy *English* *iliad* charms,
When pity melts us, or when passion warms,
That after-ages shall with wonder seek,
Who 'twas translated *Homer* into *Greek*.

CCVIII.

M^r *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her bed:
True, this she swears by all the pow'rs above;
But she's a woman, speaking to her love:
That single thought my growing faith defeats:
'Tis necessary for them to be cheats;
They must be false, they must their oaths forget;
So pleasing is the letch'ry of deceit!
What women tell their servants, fade like dreams,
And should be writ in air, or running streams.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCIX.

ALL things are common amongst friends, thou saist:
This is thy morning and thy evening song:
Thou, in rich point, and *Indian* silk, art drest:
Six foreign steeds to thy calash belong:

Whilst by my cloaths the ragman scarce would gain,
And an uneasy hackney jolts my sides;
A cloak embroider'd intercepts thy rain,
A worsted camblet my torn breeches hides:

Turbots and mullets thy large dishes hold;
In mine a solitary whiting lies:
Thy train might fire the impotent and old;
Whilst my poor hand a *Ganymede* supplies.

For an old wanting friend thou'lt nothing do;
Yet all is common amongst friends, we know:
Nothing so common as to use them so.

CCX.

I Offer love, but thou respect wilt have:
Take, *Sextus*, all thy pride and folly crave:
But know, I can be no man's friend and slave.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXI.
by M^r. Congreve

Pious *Selinda* goes to pray'rs,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner.

CCXII.

On Mr. POPE's Translation of HOMER.

As oft, in vain, as he essay'd to tell,
In foreign tongues, how *Troy* and *Priam* fell;
Old *Homer* has at last attain'd to speak
In smooother accents than his native *Greek*:
Blind heretofore, the bard receives new sight;
And ev'n in age becomes the *fair's* delight:
How much to *POPE* is due from *us* and *him*,
Since *HOMER* nods no more, nor do his readers dream?

CCXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXIII.

Mulieri ne crede, ne mortuæ quidem.

A Scolding wife so long a sleep posselt,
Her spouse presum'd, her soul was now at rest :
Sable was call'd, to hang the room with black ;
And all their cheer was sugar-rolls and sack.
Two mourning staves stood centry at the door ;
And Silence reign'd, who ne'er was there before.
The cloaks, and tears, and handkerchiefs prepar'd,
They march'd, in woful pomp, to Abchurch-yard :
When, see of narrow streets what mischiefs come !
The very dead can't pass in quiet home :
By some rude jolt, the coffin-lid was broke ;
And madam from her dream of death awoke.
Now all was spoil'd : the undertaker's pay,
Sour faces, cakes, and wine quite thrown away.
But some years after, when the former scene
Was acted, and the coffin nail'd again ;
The tender husband took especial care,
To keep the passage from disturbance clear !
Charging the bearers, that they tread aright,
Nor put his dear in such another fright.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXIV.

On an antient Lady, who painted.
by J^r. Moore Smyth

COSMELIA's charms inspire my lays,
Who's fair in nature's scorn ;
Blooms in the winter of her days,
Like *Glaſtenbury* thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at threescore ;
Like bards in modern plays,
Four acts of life paſſ'd guiltleſs o'er,
But in the fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er, impatient of the bliſs,
Into her arms you fall ;
The plaſter'd fair returns the kiſs,
Like *Thiſbe*, thro' a wall.

CCXV.*

In vain, old *Dipſas*, you'd aſperſe my fame ;
In vain with praiſes I'd adorn your name :
Your ſatire's vain, my panegyrick too ;
For no one credits either me, or you.

* If this, and N^o. CXCVI. be compar'd ; they'll be found both
to conſiſt of the ſame thought, as well as to owe their origin to that
epigram of *Buchanan* :

Fruſtra ego te laudo ; fruſtra me, Zoile, laedis :
Nemo tibi credit, Zoile ; nemo mihi.

CCXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXVI.

Verses under a Lady's Picture.

THE poet and the painter safely dare
To form an image of the proudest fair :
Your brighter charms, by lavish nature wrought,
Transcend the painter's skill, and poet's thought.

CCXVII.

The MIRACLE, 1707.

MERIT they hate, and wit they slight ;
They neither act, nor reason right ;
And nothing mind but pence :
Unskilful, they victorious are ;
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.

So *Moses* once, and *Joshua*,
And that virago *Deborah*,
Bedrid poor *Israel* :
Like rev'rence pay to these ! for who
Could ride a nation, as they do,
Without a miracle ?

CCXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXVIII.

SYLVIA makes sad complaints, she's lost her lover :
Why nothing strange I in that news discover.
Nay, then thou'rt dull ; for here the wonder lies ;
She had a lover once ; ——— don't that surprize ?

CCXIX.

*Occasion'd by seeing some Verses on CELIA,
written on a Pane of Glass.*

WELL hast thou drawn, fond youth, in prop'rest
place,
The short-liv'd beauties of false *Celia's* face.
When words obscurities thy sense o'ershade,
The place *gives light* to what thou would'st have said.
Bright, as this lucid glass, her eyes now seem ;
Like this, breath'd on, by fell disease, grow dim :
Like glass is ev'ry strongest vow she makes ;
Brittle as that, as easily she breaks :
Such is her honour : short her fame, we find,
Which, crack'd, must perish by the first high wind.

CCXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXX.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

YOU oft, *Corinna*, ask me, if you're fair ;
But won't believe me neither, till I swear.
May I ne'er — *Leda* win, or *Helen* gain,
If she, or *Leda*, could your pow'r attain :
Both gods and men lov'd them ; but yet they had
Their senses still ; — who loves *Corinna*, 's mad.

CCXXI. *

MART. *Epig.* 58. *Lib.* 1.

YOU ask, dear *Will*, what we disdain,
What girls our fancy please :
We like not those give too much pain,
Nor those we win with ease :
For those our passions starve, and these will cloy :
The middle only gives the greatest joy.

* Let this version be compar'd with that in N^o. LVI.

CCXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXII.

*Upon a Boy and his Mother, having each but
one Eye.*

FAIR half-blind boy, born of an half-blind mother,
Equal'd by none, but by the one the other ;
Lend her thine eye, sweet boy ; and she shall prove
The queen of beauty, thou the god of love.

CCXXIII.

*On the same Subject. **

ACON his right, *Leonilla* her left eye
Doth want ; yet each, in form, the gods out-vie.
Sweet boy, with thine, thy sister's sight improve ;
So shall she *Venus* be, thou god of love.

* These two, and several others that I have met with upon this subject, are from a famous *Latin* epigram of a modern author ; which, as well for its exquisite beauty, as to give the readers the better opportunity of judging of the *English*, we will insert,

Lumine Acon dextro, capta est Leonilla sinistro ;

Et potis est forma vincere uterque deos.

Blande puer, lumen quod habes concede sorori ;

Sic tu cæcus Amor, sic erit illa Venus.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CCXXIV.

The HUSBAND: By a Lady.

THE poets sing of old, that am'rous *Jove*,
In various shapes, perform'd the feat of love.
Chang'd to a swan, he rifled *Leda's* charms;
And, with a rival whiteness, fill'd her arms.
On *Danae's* lap he fell, a golden show'r:
(Gold is the surest friend in an amour.)
Now in a bull's, or satyr's griesly shape,
He on some beauty makes a welcome rape.
Nor think it strange, that *Jove's* almighty pow'r,
Thro' these base forms, taught females to adore:
A likeness less agreeable he try'd;
He came a husband to *Amphitryon's* bride;
And, in a husband's shape, could welcome prove.
Who must not own th' omnipotence of *Jove*?

CCXXV.

On a certain Writer.

HALF of your book is to an index grown:
You give your book *contents*, your reader none.

CCXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXVI.

*Written in a Lady's Table-book, under a
Prayer to the Virgin MARY.*

IN the smooth plane your hand engraves,
You read your wishes, and your slave's.
You to the faint, to you I bow;
Nor fear a superstitious vow.

CCXXVII.

ALady lately, that was fully sped
Of all the pleasures of the marriage-bed,
Ask'd a physician, Whether were more fit,
For *Venus*' sports, the morning, or the night?
The good old man made answer, as 'twas meet,
The morn more wholesome, but the night more sweet.
Nay then, i'faith, quoth she, since we have leisure,
We'll to't each morn for health, each night for pleasure.



CCXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXVIII.

FINE madam *Wou'd-be*, wherefore should you fear,
That love to *make* so well, a child to *bear*?
The world reputes you barren; but I know,
Your 'pothecary, and his drugs say, No.
Is it the pain affrights? that's soon forgot.
Or your complexion's loss? you have a pot,
That can restore that. Will it hurt your feature?
To make amends, you're thought a wholesome creature.
What should the cause be? — oh, you live at court;
And there's both loss of time, and loss of sport,
In a great belly. Write then on thy womb,
Of the not born, yet bury'd, here's the tomb.

CCXXIX.

DIAULUS sexton from physician is
Of late become; and 'tis not much amiss:
For now t'inter his care he may apply,
In this, those kill'd in that capacity.*

* Compare this with N°. LXXXVIII.

CCXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXX.†

GIVE me a girl (if one I needs must meet)
Or in her nuptial, or her winding sheet:
I know but two good hours, that women have;
One in the bed, another in the grave.
This of the whole sex all I would desire,
Is to enjoy their ashes, or their fire.

CCXXXI.

On a beautiful Lady, with a fine Voice.

I WAS said of old, the *Thracian's* pow'rful song
The rocks could move, and melt the *Stygian*
throng;
And that his wife did so in form excel,
The doating husband fetch'd her back from hell;
But, what verse durst not feign, in you we find;
The tuneful voice, and beauteous frame conjoin'd;
The various charms, united, shine in thee,
Of fabled *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*.

† This seems to be a kin to the thought in N^o. CLXXVI.

CCXXX

CCXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXXII.

On Sir FRANCIS DRAKE drown'd.

WHERE *Drake* first found, there last he lost his fame;
And for his tomb left nothing but his name:
His body's bury'd under some great wave;
The sea, that was his glory, is his grave.
Of him no man true epitaph can make:
For who can say, Here lies fir *Francis Drake*?

CCXXXIII.

On CORINNA's Wish.

THAT these flowers were men, wish, *Corinna*, no
more;
For soon, were they so, they must fruitless adore:
The reverse of thy wish is made plain ev'ry hour,
By thy cruel inconstance, that man's but a flow'r.
When he's fresh in his youth, and in gaiety drest,
You freely vouchsafe him a place in your breast;
But, soon as his bloom, and his beauty decay,
Like a flower, that's wither'd, you fling him away.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXXIV.

My love and I for kisses plaid ;
She would keep stakes ; I was content :
But when I won, she would be paid ;
I, angry, ask'd her, what she meant ?
Nay, since, quoth she, you wrangle thus in vain,
Give me my kisses back ; take yours again.

CCXXXV.

The real Affliction.

DORIS, a widow, past her prime,
Her spouse long dead, her wailings doubles ;
Her real griefs increase by time ;
And what abates, improves her troubles.

Those pangs, her prudent hopes suppress,
Impatient now, she cannot smother ;
How should the helpless woman rest ?
One's gone ; ——— nor can she get another.

CCXXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXXVI.

The true Reason.

SELINDA ne'er appears till night :
And what won't female envy say ?
But well she knows, she shines so bright,
Her presence may supply the day.

CCXXXVII.

JULIA, young, wanton, flung the gather'd snow,
Nor fear'd I burning from the watry blow :
'Tis cold, I cry'd ; but, ah ! too soon I found,
Sent by that hand, it dealt a scorching wound.
Resistless fair ! we fly thy pow'r in vain,
Who turn't to fiery darts the frozen rain.
Burn, *Julia*, burn like me ; and that desire,
With water which thou kindest, quench with fire.

CCXXXVIII.

WOULD thou had'st beauty less, or virtue more ;
For nothing's uglier, than a pretty whore.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXXXIX.

A Case to the CIVILIANS.

NOKES went, he thought, to *Styles's* wife to bed :
Nor knew his own was laid there in her stead :
Civilian, is the child he then begot
To be allow'd legitimate, or not ?

CCXL.

A THRACIAN Custom.

THE *Thracian* infant, ent'ring into life,
Both parents mourn for, both receive with grief :
The *Thracian* infant, snatch'd by death away,
Both parents to the grave with joy convey.
This, *Greece* and *Rome* you with derision view :
This is mere *Thracian* ignorance to you :
But if you weigh the custom you despise,
This *Thracian* ignorance may teach the wise.

CCXL.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXLI.

WHEN Pontius wish'd, an edict might be past,
That cuckolds should into the sea be cast;
His wife, assenting, thus reply'd to him:
But first, my dear, I'd have you learn to swim.

CCXLII.

In Imitation of MARTIAL, L. 1. Ep. 67.

B——, tho' with scraps of others wit,
You hope a borrow'd fame to get;
Believe me, 'tis an idle thought:
For silence can't, like books, be bought.

CCXLIII.

A LAWYER's Reputation.

How comes it, that *Quibus* should pass for a wit?
He sold what he spoke, and he bought what he
writ.

CCXLIV.

A Collection of Epigrams



CCXLIV.

*On the Marriage of ED. HERBERT Esq; and
Mrs. ELIZABETH HERBERT.*

CUPID one day ask'd his mother,
When she meant he should be wed.
You're too young, my boy, she said;
Nor has nature made another,
Fit to match with *Cupid's* bed.

Cupid then her sight directed
To a lately wedded pair;
Where himself the match effected;
They as youthful, they as fair.

Having, by example, carry'd
This first point in the dispute;
Worfeley, next he said, 's not marry'd;
Her's with *Cupid's* charms may suit.

CCXLV.

On MAIDS.

MOST maids resemble *Eve*, now in their lives,
Who are no sooner women, but are wives.

CCXLVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXLVI.

On the Picture of SUSANNA.

SUSANNA's fate with pity we behold,
Condemn'd to lechers, impotent and old :
With wond'rous art the pencil shews, she fears
The faint addresses, — not the force of years.

CCXLVII.

*On BEN. JOHNSON's Bust, lately set up in
Westminster-Abbey, with the Buttons on
the wrong Side.*

by the Rev^d Mr. Wesley —

O Rare Ben. Johnson ! what, a turn-coat grown !
Thou ne'er wert such, till thou wert clad in stone.
When time thy coat, thy only coat, impairs ;
Thou'lt find a patron in a hundred years :
Then let not this mistake disturb thy sprite ;
Another age shall set thy buttons right.

CCXLVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXLVIII

*To a young Lady: With the Lord HALIFAX's
Advice to a Daughter.*

ADVICE, *Cosmelia*, by the wife is lov'd,
And where 'tis wanted least, is most approv'd.
What, tho' it teach but what you now behave?
A friend may offer, what a father gave.
What, tho' you need it not? yet kindly take;
And read it oft and oft, for others sake:
In fairest light their duty then they'll view;
The precept this, the bright example you.

CCXLIX.*

The seasonable Reflection.

ALL flesh is frail, poor *Aldus* knows:
Last sunday, in an upper pew,
Down dropt his palate, and his nose;
And prov'd the doctor's maxim true.

III.VII

* Vide N^o. CXXXVII.

CCL.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCL.

VENUS jealous.

VENUS call'd *Cupid* t'other day ;
(Her rage she could no longer smother)
With *Cloe* always must you stay ?
Where is your duty to your mother ?

On her, incessant, you attend :
Is not this, firrah, very fine ?
And now to her all hearts must bend ;
Nor pay one vow at *Venus'* shrine.

Vain fears, mamma ! the urchin cry'd ;
You still shall reign o'er gods, and *Jove* ;
Cloe to limits strict is ty'd ;
She rules below ; but you above.

CCLI.

THE golden hair, that *Galla* wears,
Is hers : who would ha' thought it ?
She swears 'tis hers ; ——— and true she swears ;
For I know where she bought it.

M

CCLII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLII.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

THE man * that believ'd, a rich handsome young
widow
Liv'd for twenty fair years, and yet no harm did do,
'Mong so many strapping, stout, broad-shoulder'd fel-
lows ;
Wanted ——— more than his eyes ; tho' writers won't
tell us.

CCLIII.

An old Man, and a young Wench.

AN old stale widower, loving a young wench,
Told her, nought but herself his love could quench.
Good fir, quoth she, your lustful suit withdraw :
You shall not thatch my new house with old straw.

CCLIV.

A——, they say, has wit ; for what ?
For writing ? ——— No ; for writing not.

Homer.

CCLV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLV.

To a Lady, who wore Patches.

I Know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity ;
Or, as your beauty's trophies, put on one
For ev'ry murder, which your eyes have done :
No, they're your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn ;
Which tho' you must not love, you could not scorn ;
To whom since cruel honour does deny
Those joys, could only cure their misery ;
Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd :
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal ;
For if, to ev'ry common funeral,
By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,
Your face would wear not patches, but a cloud.

CCLVI. *

GUILTY, be wise ; and tho' thou know'st the crimes
Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes :
'Twere madness in thee, to betray thy fame,
And person, to the world, ere I thy name.

* Compare this with N^o. CXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLVII.

AULUS and CALENUS: *Imitated from*
BUCHANAN.

I Gave *Calenus* once a civil dun ;
He, courtier-like, cry'd, -- Pr'ythee, get thee gone.
The sum was ——— Oh, five thousand sesterces.
Thus crost, I went to *Aulus* for advice :
He bad me prosecute, and swore it was
Nothing more just ; ——— so undertook the cause :
When some five years he'd had th' affair in hand,
For fourscore pounds he makes a small demand.

Lest the remainder of my cause should waste
Th' unequal stock both of my days and chest,
What should I do ? ——— I found, without a pause ;
I left my lawyer, and I dropt my cause ;
Sure to be deaf, whene'er *Calenus* ties
His honour, or when *Aulus* shall advise.
D'ye ask, which most I'd shun ? — my story tells :
CALENUS gives me words, but *AULUS* sells.

CCLVIII.

P R'YTHEE, is not miss *Cloe's* a comical case ?
She lends out her tail, and she borrows her face.

CCLIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLIX.

On the Expulsion of a Member of the House of Commons, for an Attempt to bribe a Member of a Secret Committee.

To raise a lady's expectations high,
With hopes of some approaching bliss that's nigh;
To tempt her to her chamber; shut the door;
Then make acknowledgments; and do no more;
Has she not reason loudly to complain
Of ——— the corrupt intention of the swain?

CCLX.

Imitated from BUCHANAN.

I Know not, whether, in *Narcissus*' glass,
Matchless *Corinna*, you e'er saw your face:
But this I know: ——— with beauties all your own,
Matchless *Corinna* is enamour'd grown.
The youth some reason for his frenzy had;
What made him so, made many others mad:
Your cause is less, therefore your madness more;
Without a rival you yourself adore.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXI.

On CHEVERILL the Lawyer.

No cause, nor client fat, will *Chev'rill* leese ;
But, as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both : for while he melts his grease
For this, that wins, for whom he holds his peace.

CCLXII.

On the same.

C*HEV'RILL* cries out, my verses libels are ;
And threatens the *Star-chamber*, and the bar :
What are thy per'lant pleadings, *Chev'rill*, then,
That quitt'st the cause, and railest at the men ?

CCLXIII.

C*ORNUTUS* call'd his wife both whore and slut ;
Quoth she, You'll never leave your brawling ; *but* --
But what ? quoth he : quoth she, Your post, or door ;
For you have horns to *but*, if I'm a whore.

CCLXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXIV.

Upon one stealing a Pound of Candles.

LIGHT-FINGER'D *Catch*, to keep his hands in ure,
Stole any thing : of this you may be sure,
That he thinks all his own, which once he handles,
For practice sake did steal a pound of candles ;
Was taken in the act : O foolish wight !
To steal such things, as needs must come to *light*.

CCLXV.

On a WELSHMAN.

A Man of *Wales*, betwixt *St. David's* day and *Easter*,
Ran in his hostess' score, for cheese great store, a
tester :

His hostess chalks it up behind the door ;
And says, For cheese, come, sir, discharge this score :
Cot zounds, quoth he, what meaneth these ?
D'ye think, hur know not chalk from cheese ?

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXVI,

*To the Lady ISABELLA THYNNE, cutting
Trees in Paper.*

F AIR hand, that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white ;
Whose travel o'er that silver field does show,
Like track of leverets in morning snow !
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought,
Without a spot or blemish to the thought.
Strange ! that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil :
For, tho' a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake ;
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove,
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forest dance ; but you
Can make the motion, and the forest too.
A poet, when he would describe his mind,
Is, as in language, so in fame confin'd :
Your works are read, where-ever there are men :
So far the *scisser* goes beyond the *pen*.



CCLXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXVII.

On the Birth-day of King GEORGE I.

*Which happen'd the Day before the RESTO-
RATION.*

DIANA, watchful o'er young *Ammon's* fate,
Helper divine, does on *Olympia* wait :
Anxious, from stately *Ephesus* retires,
Leaves the fam'd temple to devouring fires ;
Concern'd to introduce so great a name,
Suffers her dome to perish in a flame.
So, whilst our blessing yet lay unreveal'd,
A happy burden in the womb conceal'd,
Sophia was the charge of ev'ry star ;
No less employ was *Providence's* care :
Britannia lab'ring, with convulsions torn,
Charles could not be restor'd, till *George* was born.

CCLXVIII.

The ANTIQUARY.

by D.^r J. Donne

Ir, in his study, he hath so much care
To hang all old strange things, let's wife beware.

CCLXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXIX.

CLOE loves only me, she vows ;
And yet will have another :
So she's resolv'd to hate her spouse,
And jilt her dearest lover.

Thus hypocrites the church frequent,
Not out of pure devotion ;
But to be counted each a saint,
And gain himself promotion.

CCLXX.

YE fons of *Mars*, your courage boast no more ;
Since we that feel *Belinda's* fatal pow'r,
More danger know than you. --- What tho' you've been
Where cannons roar, and horror swells the scene ?
Your flying squadrons quit the dusty plain,
Retreat from death, to live and fight again.
In war but one may, of a hundred, die ;
In love, we know not what it is to fly :
For only one can happy be, and live,
Of thousands, who *Belinda's* darts receive.

CCLXXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXI.

Disinherited.
by D. J. Donne

THY father all from thee, by his last will,
Gave to the poor: thou hast good title still.

CCLXXII.

For LOVE.

To love, --- to live, --- just the same meaning bear;
For he that loves not, has of life no share:
Therefore a comfort heav'n ordain'd for man,
Knowing all blessings had been else in vain.

CCLXXIII.

Against LOVE.

To love, --- to perish, --- the same meaning have:
Had man ne'er lov'd, he ne'er had been a slave:
When heav'n forbid the tree of knowledge first,
Not forming woman, man had ne'er been curst.

CCLXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXIV.

*On the Promotion of Dr. T—— to the See
of CA——RY.*

WHEN *Nebat's* fam'd son undertook the old cause
Of deliv'ring ten tribes from slav'ry to laws,
Left the job should be spoil'd, or done but by halves,
He took his priests from the mob, and his god from
the calves:

But our hero, more wise, the deliv'ers out-vy'd all;
Made a calf the high-priest, and himself the calf's idol.

CCLXXV.

On OWEN SWAN's Tobacco-Papers.

THE aged *Swan*, oppress'd by time and cares,
With *Indian* sweets his funeral prepares:
Light up the pile; thus he'll perfume the skies;
And, phoenix-like, from his own ashes rise.



CCLXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXVI.

*Imitated from BUCHANAN.**

PHYLLIS, my thoughts you often pray,
About your face's wearing ;
Yet never credit what I say,
Until you hear me swearing.

Then may I want a place to dwell in,
And a kind buxom she,
If I think *Leda*, nay, or *Helen*,
Can be compar'd with thee.

For heroes did these damsels woe,
Yet sigh'd in sober sadness ;
Whoever falls in love with you,
Runs headlong into madness.

CCLXXVII.

HERE lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket ;
But dead as a door nail : God be thanked !

* This epigram is imitated also by another hand ; see N^o. CCXX.
the original is too long to be given here ; but in some measure to enable our readers to judge of these two performances, the last line, which contains the sting, is ;

Sed, si quisquis amat te, Leonora, furit.

CCLXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXVIII.

*On Flowers embroider'd by a young
LADY.*

THIS charming bed of flow'rs when *Flora* spy'd,
By *Flavia*'s needle wrought; enrag'd, she cry'd;
Still to be vanquish'd by her is my doom;
Mine early fade, but hers shall ever bloom;
Bloom like her face, that stings me to the heart;
Surpass in beauty, as excell'd in art.

CCLXXIX.

CAN forms, like yours, want ornaments of dress?
Beauty, like truth, shines most in *nakedness*.
Dressing may screen deformities from view;
But ev'n adornment does but *shadow* you!
Most, but by what they wear, are lovely made;
You, madam, lose, when-e'er you seek such aid.
While others dress, their lovers hearts to warm,
You *put off* nothing, but what *veil'd* a charm.



CCLXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXX.

DID *Celia's* person and her mind agree,
What mortal could behold her, and be free?
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

CCLXXXI.

To the Right Honourable ARTHUR, Earl of
ANGLESEY.

IF the old * *Samian* doctrine of spirits be true,
Then *Cicero's* soul does penance in you:
For *Jove*, when he saw him so fond of applause,
Which sway'd him much more than the client or cause;
Determin'd *his* soul to *your* body to doom,
Great, as when first he astonish'd old *Rome*;
With all his own virtues, a second time, blest;
And fortitude added, to crown all the rest:
But to check the vain-glory, that reign'd in his spirit,
He gave you an ear, that can't bear your own merit.

* *Pythagoras*, who first taught the transmigration of Souls, was
of *Samos*.

CCLXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXXII.

On bearing an ugly Woman sing.]

Now shame pursue my meddling fight!
Would I had been all ear, to night!
Sweet is her voice, as flow'rs in June;
But ne'er was face so out of tune.
Lower than *gammut* are her eyes:
Her nose does above *ela* rise!
Were I to chuse myself a dear,
Not by my eye, but by my ear,
Here would I fix, ——— could I but woo
The sound, without the substance too.
Some women are all tongue; ——— and oh!
What joy 'twould be, were this but so!
Harmonious gods! to ease my mind,
Or strike her dumb, or make me blind.

CCLXXXIII.

WHILST, from the tears young widows shed,
Their pious grief you scan;
Know, 'tis not for the husband dead
They weep; but for the man.

CCLXXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXXIV.

On a WELSHMAN.

A *Welshman*, coming late into an inn,
Asked the maid, what meat there was within ::
Cow-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton :
But, quoth the *Welshman*, since I am no glutton,
Either of both shall serve ; to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning ; then light meat is best :
At night he took the breast, and did not pay ;
I' th' morning took his *heels*, and ran away..

CCLXXXV.

On FAUSTUS, and FLORA.

F *AUSTUS* stabb'd *Flora* ; and would you know why ?
He, being a soldier, she gave him the lye :
Nay, yet the desperate wench would not refrain
To give him the lye, till he stabb'd her again..



N

CCLXXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXXVI.

On a bad P O E T.

M— *L* a poet ! why, thou'rt merry :
But pr'ythe, where's thy judgment, *Jerry* ?
What, he, with his damn'd fustian strains ?
Believe me, if to th' muses he
Belongs, their pack-horse he must be,
To bear what *Pegasus* disdains.

CCLXXXVII.

On a C I V I L I A N.

A Lusty, old, grave, and grey-headed fire,
Stole to a wench, to quench his lust's desire :
She ask'd him, what profession he might be :
I am a civil-lawyer, girl, quoth he :
A civil lawyer, sir ? you make me muse ;
Your talk's too broad for civil men to use :
If civil lawyers are such bawdy men,
Oh what, quoth she, are other lawyers then ?

CCLXXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCLXXXVIII.

On a Lady who wrote in Praise of MIRA.

by L^d Lansdown

WHILST she pretends to make the graces known
Of matchless *Mira*, she reveals her own;
And when she would another's praise indite,
Is, by her glass, instructed how to write.

CCLXXXIX.

On CORACINE.

WHAT *Crispulus* is that; in a new gown,
All trimm'd with loops and buttons, up and
down?

That leans there on his arm, in private chat
With thy young wife? what *Crispulus* is that?
He's proctor of a court, thou saist, and does
Some bus'ness of thy wife's: thou brainless goose,
He does no bus'ness of thy wife's, not he;
He does thy bus'ness, *Coracine*, for thee.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXC.

To one marry'd to an old Man.

SINCE thou would'st needs, bewitch'd with some ill ^{[charms,}
Be bury'd in those monumental arms ;
All we can wish, is, May that earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs ; and so good night.

CCXCI.

To PLAYWRIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT me reads, and still my verses damns ;
He says, I want the tongue of epigrams ;
I have no salt ; no bawdy, he doth mean ;
For witty, in his language, is obscene.
Playwright, I loath to have thy manners known
In my chaste book ; profess them in thine own.



CCXCII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXCII.

Feminæ ludificantur viros.

KIND *Kath'rine* kist her husband, with these words ;
Mine own sweet *Will*, how dearly do I love thee !
If true, quoth *Will*, the world no such affords ;
And that 'tis true, I durst his warrant be.
For ne'er heard I of woman, good or ill,
But always loved best her own sweet *will*.

CCXCIII.

Tunc tua res agitur.

A Jealous merchant, that a sailor met,
Ask'd him the reason, why he meant to marry ;
Knowing what ill their absence might beget,
That still at sea constrained are to tarry :
Sir, quoth the sailor, think you that so strange ?
'Tis done the time while you but walk the 'change.



CCXCIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXCIV.

On the Death of MARY, Countess of

PEMBROKE.

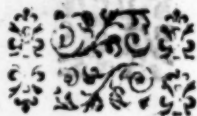
by B: Johnson

UNDERNEATH this fable hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learned, good, as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

CCXCV.

On WOMEN.

WOMEN are books, and men the readers be,
In whom oft-times they great errata see;
Here sometimes we a blot, there we espy
A leaf misplac'd, at least a line awry:
If they are books, I wish that my wife were
An almanack, to change her ev'ry year.



CCXCVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCXCVD

In uxorem optatam.

A Batchelor would have a wife, that's wife,
Fair, rich, and young, a maiden, for his bed,
Nor prond, nor churlish, but of faultless size,
A country housewife, in the city bred.
But he's a fool, and long in vain hath staid;
He should bespeak her; there's none ready made.

CCXCVII.

MARTIAL, *Lib. 1. Epig. 69.*

LET *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nevia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute;
Still he must speak of *Nevia*, or be mute.
He writ to's father, ending with this line;
I am, my love, *Nevia*, ever thine.



CCXCVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams



CCXCVIII.

Epitaph on Cardinal RICHELIEU.

STAY, traveller ; — for all you want, is near.
Wisdom and pow'r I seek. — They both lie here.
Nay, but I look for more ; and raise my aim
To wit, taste, learning, elegance, and fame. —
Here ends your journey then ; for there the store
Of *Richelieu* lies. — Alas ! repeat no more.
Shame on my pride ! what hope is left for me,
When here death treads on all that man can be ?

CCXCIX.

In stolidum.

A Justice walking o'er the frozen *Thames*,
The ice about him round began to crack :
He said to's man, Here is some danger, *James* ;
I pr'ythee, help me over on thy back.



CCC.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCC.
by M. Prior

YES, ev'ry poet is a fool;
By demonstration *Ned* can show it:
Happy, if *Ned's* inverted rule
Prove ev'ry fool to be a poet.

CCCI.

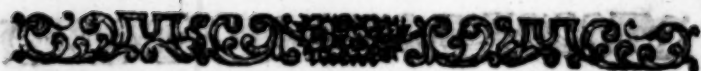
The Cure of LOVE.

WHEN, *Cloe*, I confess my pain,
In gentle words you pity show:
But gentle words are all in vain;
Such gales my flame but higher blow.

Ah! *Cloe*, would you cure the smart,
Your conqu'ring eyes have keenly made;
Yourself, upon my bleeding heart,
Yourself, fair *Cloe*, must be laid.

Thus, for the viper's sting, we know,
No surer remedy is found,
Than to apply the tort'ring foe,
And squeeze his venom on the wound.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCII.

*Written by a Gentleman, looking at himself in
a Glass.*

WHEN I revolve this evanescent state,
How fleeting is its form, how short its date ;
My being and my stay dependent still
Not on my own, but on another's will ;
I ask myself, as I my image view,
Which is the real shadow of the two.

CCCIII.*

Death made easy.

IF death must come, as oft as breath departs,
Then he must often die, who often farts ;
And if to die, be but to lose one's breath,
Then death's a fart ; and so a fart for death.

* We think the coarseness and indelicacy of this epigram abundantly atoned for by its poignancy of thought, and pleasantness of conceit, which justly entitle it to a place in this collection.

CCCIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCIV.

On the SPECTATOR.

WHEN first the *Tatler* to a mute was turn'd,
Great-Britain for her censor's silence mourn'd;
Robb'd of his sprightly beams, she wept the night,
Till the *Spectator* rose, and blaz'd as bright.
So the first man the sun's first setting view'd;
And sigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd;
Yet doubtful how that second sun to name,
Whether a bright successor, or the same:
So we; but now from this suspense are freed,
Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the same sun, and does himself succeed.

CCCV.

Anger soon appeas'd.

WHEN *John Cornutus* doth his wife reprove,
For being false and faithless in her love;
His wife, to smooth those wrinkles on his brow,
Doth stop his mouth with, *John, come kiss me now.*

A Collection of Epigrams:



CCCVI.

Epitaph on Mr. HARCOURT's Tomb.

Written by Mr. POPE.

Good **T**o this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art, draw near :
Here lies the *friend* most wept, the *son* most dear ;
Who ne'er knew *joy*, but friendship might divide ;
Or Nor gave his father *grief*, — but when he dy'd.
How vain is reason ! eloquence how weak !
If- When *Pope* must tell, what *Harcourt* cannot speak.
oh! Yet let thy once-lov'd friend inscribe the stone ; *thy*
And with a father's sorrows, mix his own.
mitted Ah no ! 'tis vain to strive ; — it will not be ;
No grief, that can be told, is felt for *thee*.

CCCVII.

On a Riding-house turn'd into a Chapel.

A Chapel of the riding-house is made :
Thus we once more see *Christ* in manger laid ;
Where still we find the jockey-trade supply'd,
The laymen bridled, and the clergy ride.

CCCVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCVIII.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

STAY, batchelor, if you have wit,
A wonder to behold;
Husband and wife, in one dark pit,
Lie still, and never scold.

Tread softly tho', for fear she wakes: —

Hark, she begins already:

You've hurt my head; — my shoulder akes; —

These fots can ne'er move steady.

Ah friend! with happy freedom blest!

See how my hope's miscarry'd:

Not death itself can give you rest,

Unless you die unmarried.

CCCIX.

A lame BEGGAR.
by D^r J. Donne

I Am unable, yonder beggar cries,
To stand, or move; if he says true, he *lies*.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCX.

WITH the spouse of *Nel Bluff*, to *that same* a well-willer,

A neighbouring ploughman had oft been familiar :
The husband, this learning, flies swift to the field ;
And, sword in hand, enters, where then the clown
till'd ;

And swagg'ring, out bellows, while yet at a distance,
So ho, friend, — did you lend my rib your assistance,
'To furnish my forehead ? Here *Hodge*, for the nonce,
Left the plough, and soon pick'd up a skirtful of stones - -
'Then, on the defensive — Your wife I have rid —
Gad, it's well you confess'd it, very well that you did :
Heav'n knows, what revenge I design'd to have taken ;
But this ample confession has quite fav'd your bacon.

CCCXI.

PHRYNE.

by D^r J. Donne

THY flatt'ring picture, *Phryne*, 's like to thee
Only in this, that you both painted be.

CCCXII

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXII.

On Dr. CADE's dying by his own Recipe.

CADE, who had slain ten thousand men,
With that small instrument, a pen,
Being sick, unluckily he try'd
The point upon himself, and dy'd.

CCCXIII.

** MASSEY's Sermon.*

WE'RE told, by one of the black robe,
The dev'l inoculated *Job*:
Suppose 'tis true, what he does tell;
Pray, neighbours, did not *Job* do well?

** M. A. & Lecturer of S^t. Alban Woodstreet*

CCCXIV.

WHENCE comes it, that, in *Clara's* face,
The lily only has a place?
Is it, that the absent rose
Is gone to paint her husband's nose?

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXV.

The pious HYPOCRITE.

OLIVIA's gay, but looks devout,
And scripture-proofs she throws about,
When first you try to win her ;
But pull your fob of guineas out,
Fee *Jenny* first, and never doubt
To make the saint a finner.

Baxter by day is her delight ;
No chocolate must come in sight,
Before two morning chapters :
But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night,
To raise her holy raptures.

So have I seen a glow-worm gay
All night her fiery tail display,
Encourag'd by the dark ;
And yet the fullen thing, all day,
Snug, in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native spark.



CCCXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXVI.

*VERSES pinn'd to a Sheet, in which a Lady
stood to do Penance in the Church.*

HERE stand I, for whores as great
To cast a scornful eye on :
Should each whore here be doom'd a sheet,
You'd soon want one to lie on.

CCCXVII.

SAys sir *John* to my lady, as together they sat,
My dear, shall we sup first, or do you know what?
With an innocent smile, reply'd the good lady,
Sir *John*, what you please ; — but supper's not ready.

CCCXVIII.

On VIRTUE. To a LADY.

DID *Plato* live, that sage, whose piercing mind
Found virtue wanted nought to charm mankind,
But to assume a body ; he might see
His bright ideas verify'd in thee.

CCCXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXIX. *

FAIR *Urffy*, in a merry mood,
Consulted her physician,
What time was best to stir the blood,
And spirits, by coition.

Quoth *Woodward*, If my judgment's right,
And answer worth returning,
You'll find it pleasantest o'er night,
Most wholsome in the morning.

Quoth *Urffy*, Then, for pleasure's sake,
Each ev'ning will I take it;
And ev'ry morning, when I wake,
My constant physick make it.

CCCXX.

* On a great House, adorn'd with Statues.
the D. of Buckingham's in S^t. James's park

THE walls are thick, the servants thin,
The gods without, the dev'l within.

* This is a version of a Latin epigram, written by *Annibal Cru-*
cous: the reader will find an imitation of it N^o. CCCXXVII.

CCCXXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXI.

On the TAX upon SALT.

THE emblem o' th' nation, so grave and precise,
On the emblem of wisdom have laid an excise :
Pray tell me, grave sparks, and your answer don't smother,
Why one representative taxes another.
The commons on salt a new impost have laid ;
To tax wisdom too, they most humbly are pray'd :
For tell me, ye patrons of woollen and crape,
Why the type should be fin'd, and the substance escape.

CCCXXII. *

THE same allegiance to two kings [†]he pays,
Swears the same faith to both, and both betrays.
No wonder, if to swear he's always free,
Who has † two gods to swear by, more than we.

* This was occasion'd by a famous divine's taking the oaths to King *William*.

† He had been concern'd in a controversy about the *Trinity* ; which he maintain'd to such a desperate degree, that people call'd him a believer of three distinct gods.

†. *D. Sherlock*

CCCXXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXIII.

On the Earl of MACCLESFIELD.

WHEN the seals were deliver'd to *Macclesfield's* charge,
Each god, for approving, gave reasons at large:
But *Apollo* excepted, and said, so much wit,
With such eloquence join'd, for that charge was unfit;
Lest the injur'd, who at his tribunal appear'd,
And put in their complaints, with intent to be heard,
Should feed on the honey, that dropt from his tongue,
And, charm'd by his speaking, forget their own wrong.
Minerva too added — ' His prudence is such,
' As not to indulge his own judgment too much;
' And whoe'er he consults, I clearly foresee,
' Must be some who know less of the matter than he;
' Old authors, for instance --- thus men shall bemoan,
' That he such opinions prefers to his own.'
Jove heard, and thus calmly deliver'd his thoughts:
' No man is more guilty of these, and such faults:
' Yet still I've one reason, for which he is given;
' To shew men, how justice is practis'd in heaven.'



CCCXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXIV.

A Lover's Anger.
by M. Prior.

As *Cloe* came into the room t'other day,
I, peevish, began, Where so long could you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You promis'd at two, and pray look, child, 'tis four:
A lady's watch needs neither figures, nor wheels;
'Tis enough that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals:
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear —
Thus far I went on with a resolute air.
Lord bless me! cry'd she, let a body but speak!
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fell into my neck;
It has hurt me, and vex'd me to such a degree;
But I know you would never believe one; pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless displaid:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd;
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.

CCCXXV.

On Mr. HEARNE, the great ANTIQUARY.

Pox on't, says *Time* to *Thomas Hearne*,
Whatever I forget, you learn.

CCCXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXVI.

On MIRANDA, and her Writings.

EACH soft'ning charm of *Clio's* smiling song,
Montagu's soul, which shines divinely strong,
These blend with graceful ease, to form thy rhyme,
Tender, yet chaste, sweet-sounding, yet sublime :
Wisdom and wit have made thy works their care ;
Each passion glows, refin'd by precept there ;
To fair *Miranda's* form each grace is kind ;
The muses and the virtues tune thy mind.

CCCXXVII.

*A Lady wrote upon a Window some Verses,
intimating her Design of never marrying ; a
Gentleman wrote these Lines underneath.*

THE lady, who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass, to shew it should be broke.



CCCXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXVIII.

A Dunce's Speech at School.
by Mr. Westley

THE more I strive to learn, the less I know;
Thus, like a lobster, do I backward go:
In vain you teach, what I can't comprehend;
Either your method, or my judgment mend.

CCCXXIX.

Sedley
WHEN I had purchas'd a fresh whore, or coat,
For which I knew not how to pay,
Sextus, that wretched, covetous, old sot,
My antient friend, as he will say;

Left I should borrow of him, took great care;
And mutter'd to himself, aloud,
So as he knew I could not chuse but hear,
How much he to *Secundus* ow'd;

And twice as much he paid for interest;
Nor had one farthing in his trusty chest.
If I had ask'd, I knew he would not lend:
'Tis new, before-hand to deny a friend.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CCCXXX.

The perfum'd Beau.

THAT thou dost cassia breathe, and foreign gums,
Enough to put thy mistress into fits;
Tho' *Rome* thy hair, and *Spain* thy gloves perfumes;
Few like, but all suspect, those borrow'd sweets.
The gifts of various nature come and go:
He that smells always well, does never so.

CCCXXXI.

To an angry Rival.

'Tis not the fear of death, or smart,
Makes me averse to fight;
But to preserve a tender heart,
Not mine, but *Celia's* right.

Then let your fury be suppress'd,
Not me, but *Celia* spare;
Your sword is welcome to my breast,
When *Celia* is not there.

CCCXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXXII.

IF thou dost want a horse, thou buy'st a score ;
Or if a piece of wine, thoult have a tun ;
Swords, belts, or hats, does any cheat bring o'er,
At his own rate, thou wilt have all or none.
Whilst, out of wantonness, thou buy'st so fast,
Out of mere want, thou wilt sell all at last.

CCCXXXIII.

The mutual Imperfection.

PHRYNE, as odious as youth well can be,
The daughter of a courtier in high place,
Met with a blund'ring sot, that could not see ;
His blindness she, and that excus'd her face.

Were she not ugly, she would him despise ;
Nor would he marry her, if he had eyes :
To their defects they're for the match in debt ;
And, but for faults on both sides, ne'er had met.

CCCXXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXXIV.

To his QUILL.

THOU hast been wanton ; therefore it is meet,
Thou shouldst do penance : do it in a sheet.

CCCXXXV.

On the Tragedy of CÆSAR in Egypt.

JULIUS, whatever realm enjoys thy ghost,
Elysium, or the sphere ; forbear to boast
Thy loves and trophies on the *Pharian* coast.

Thy fame is rack'd on *Fortune's* various wheel,
And forc'd a more inglorious wound to feel
From *C — ber's* pen, than thou from *Cæsa's* steel.

Why, blind to destiny, will man presume,
With politic defence, t'evade his doom,
And change a present ill, for worse to come ?

Ill-fated thou ! on *Pharmacusa's* strand,
To bribe, for life, a buccaneering band,
Yet perish by one poor wit-pirate's hand.

CCCXXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXXVI.

On the SIXTH NIGHT of the same.

WHEN the pack'd audience from their post retir'd,
And *Julius*, in a gen'ral hiss, expir'd;
Sage *Booth* to C——ber cry'd, Compute our gains;
These dogs of *Egypt*, and their dowdy queans,
But ill requite these habits, and these scenes.
To rob *Corneille* for such a motley piece!
His geese were swans; — but, zoons, thy swans are
Rubbing his firm invulnerable brow, [geese. —
The bard reply'd, The criticks must allow,
'Twas ne'er in *Cæsar*'s destiny to run.
Wilks bow'd, and blest'd the gay pacific pun.

CCCXXXVII.

MART. *Lib. I. Epig. 14.*

WHEN *Arria* to her *Pætus* gave the steel,
Which from her bleeding side did newly part;
From my own stroke, said she, no pain I fee;
But, ah! thy wound will stab me to the heart.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXXXVIII.

IF, *Scæva*, for more friends you care,
Which thy great merit cannot want,
For me an humble place prepare ;
That I am new, make no complaint :

Your dearest friends were strangers once, like me ;
Like them, in time, I an old friend may be,
If you no want of friendly virtues see. }

CCCXXXIX.

The MAIDENHEAD.

CLORIS, the prettiest girl about the town,
Ask'd fifty guineas for her maidenhead ;
I laugh'd ; but *Casus* paid the money down,
And the young wench did to his chamber lead.

This thrift my eager *Catso* did upbraid ;
And wish'd that he had grown 'twixt *Casus*' thighs :
Get me but half what his got him, I said ;
And, to content thee, I'll ne'er stick at price.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXL.

To a Lady of Pleasure.

MY heart is proud your chains to wear;
But reason will not stoop :
I love that angel's face ; but fear
The serpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magic spell,
To make the wisest fall ;
Its centre black and deep, like hell,
Contains the dev'l and all.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love :
But, oh, what pains succeed !
When darts shall pins and needles prove,
And love, a fire indeed.

CCCXLI.

THAT thy wife coughs all night, and spits all day,
Already thou believ'st thy fortune made :
Her whole estate thou think'st thy sudden prey :
She will not die ; but wheedles like a jade.

CCCXLII.

A Collection of Epigrams



CCCXLII.

Advice to HONESTUS.

WHAT bus'ness, or what hope, brings thee to town,
Who can't not pimp, nor cheat, nor swear,
nor lye?

This place will nourish no such idle drone :
Hence ; in remoter parts thy fortune try.

But thou hast courage, honesty, and wit ;
And one, or all these three, will give thee bread :
The malice of this town thou know'st not yet ;
Wit is a good diversion, but base trade.

Cowards will, for thy courage, call thee bully ;
'Till all, like *Thraso's*, thy acquaintance shun :
Rogues call thee, for thy honesty, a cully ;
Yet this is all thou hast to live upon.

Friend, three such virtues *Audley* had undone :
Be wise ; and, ere thou'rt in a jail, be gone :
Of all that starving crew thou saw'st to day,
None but has kill'd his man, or writ his play.

CCCXLIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXLIII.

ONE month a lawyer, thou the next wilt be
A grave physician, and the third a priest :
Chuse quickly one profession of the three :
Marry'd to her, thou yet may'st court the rest.

Whilst thou stand'st doubting, *Bradbury* has got
Five thousand pounds ; and *Conquest* as much more ;
W — is made a bishop, from a drunken sot :
Leap in, and stand not shiv'ring on the shore.

On any one amiss thou can'st not fall :
Thou'lt end in nothing, if thou grasp'st at all.

CCCXLIV.

WHILST thou sitt'st drinking up thy loyalty,
And rail'st at laws, thou dost not understand ;
Ador'st the ministers, who know not thee ;
Sell'st thy long freedom for a short command :

The pow'r thou aim'st at, if o'er thee one have,
In a rich coat, thou'rt but a canting slave.

CCCXLV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXLV.

THOU quibblest well, hast craft and industry,
Flatter'st great men, laugh'st at their enemies,
Rally'st the absent, art a pretty spy,
Yet, for all this, in court thou dost not rise.

Thou play'st thy court-game booty, I'm afraid ;
Thou'st promis'd marriage, when thy fortune's made, }
And so thou dar'st not thrive upon thy trade. }

CCCXLVI.

A Nymph and a swain to *Apollo* once pray'd ;
The swain had been jilted, the nymph been be-
They came for to try, if his oracle knew [tray'd :
E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.
Apollo stood mute, and had like t'have been pos'd ;
At length he thus sagely the question disclos'd :
He alone may be true, in whom none will confide ;
And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been try'd.



CCCXLVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXLVII.

WHEN to thy husband thou didst first refuse
The lawful pleasures of thy charming bed ;
Men did his pipe, and pot, and whores accuse ;
On his mere lewdness all the fault was laid.

Into thy house thou took'st a deep divine ;
And all thy neighbours flock'd, to hear him preach ;
The cheated world did in thy praises join ;
The wiser sort yet knew thy wanton reach.

From *sunday's* crowds thou didst thy gallant chuse ;
And when they fail'd thee, the good doctor use.

CCCXLVIII.

On a Lady sleeping with her Face cover'd.

So sets the sun, veil'd with the shades of night,
To rise with fiercer rays of native light :
In darkness we his tedious absence mourn,
And wish for day ; but at his bright return,
Are dazled, if we look ; and, if too near, we burn. }

Q

CCCXLIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXLIX.

The MUSICAL CONTEST.

SOME say, that signior *Bononcini*,
Compar'd to *Handel*, 's a mere ninny:
Others aver, that to him *Handel*
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange, that such high disputes should be
Twixt *tweedledum*, and *tweedledee*!

CCCL.

The LADY's Resolve.

WHILST thirst of praise, and vain desire of fame,
In ev'ry age, is ev'ry woman's aim;
With courtship pleas'd; of silly toasters proud;
Fond of a train, and happy in a crowd;
On each poor fool bestowing some kind glance;
Each conquest owing to some loose advance;
Whilst vain coquettes affect to be pursu'd,
And think they're virtuous, if not grossly lewd;
Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame, who has been try'd;
He comes too near, that comes to be deny'd.

CCCLI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLI.

*The GENTLEMAN'S Answer. **

WHILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame,
In ev'ry state, and ev'ry age, the same;
With their own folly pleas'd, the fair they toast;
And, where they least are happy, swear they're most;
No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;
And she that seems, yet is not really lewd;
Whilst thus they think, and thus they vainly live;
And taste no joys, but what their fancies give;
Let this great maxim be my actions guide;
May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;
Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.

CCCLII.

STORM not, brave friend, that thou hadst never yet,
Mistress, nor wife, that others did not see;
But, like a christian, pardon and forget;
For thy own pōx will thy revenge contrive.

* We cannot help thinking, that this has the common fate of all answers, to be inferior to the original; but we think, as the first is good, that every thing, which has a relation to it, ought to appear in publick.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLIII.

*On a dumb Boy, very beautiful, and of great
Quickness of Parts.*

Written by a LADY.

I Sing the boy, who, gagg'd and bound,
Has been, by nature, robb'd of sound ;
Yet has she found a gen'rous way,
One loss, by many gifts, to pay.
His voice indeed she close confin'd ;
But bless'd him with a speaking mind :
And ev'ry muscle of his face
Discourses with peculiar grace :
The ladies, tattling o'er their tea,
Might learn to charm, by copying thee.
If silence thus can man become,
All women-beauties should be dumb.
Then, happy boy, no more complain ;
Nor think thy loss of speech a pain :
Nature has us'd thee like good liquor ;
And cork'd thee, but to make thee quicker.



CCCLIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLIV.

*Written on the Window of the Deanery-House
of St. PATRICK in Dublin.*

By Dr. DELANY.

Are the guests of this house still doom'd to be cheated?
Sure the fates have decreed, they by halves should
be treated.

In the days of old *John**, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, but no choice of good
wine:

In *Jonathan's*† reign, if you come here to eat,
You have choice of good wine, but no choice of good
meat.

O *Jove*, then how fully might all sides be blest,
Would'st thou but agree to this humble request;
Put both deans in one; or, if that's too much trouble,
Instead of the dean, make the deanery double!

* The late dean.

† Dr. *Swift*, the present dean.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLV.

Upon the same Subject.

By the same Hand.

A Bard, on whom *Phæbus* his spirit bestow'd,
Resolv'd to acknowledge the bounty he ow'd;
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing;
To the god he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chouse,
By making his patron preside in his house;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god must, in honour, bear most of th' expence.
So the bard he finds drink; and leaves *Phæbus* to treat
With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat:
Hence they that come hither, expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer wit, and sheer wine.

CCCLVI.

By BOILEAU, on his Picture ill-grav'd.

THE poet *Boileau's* picture here you see.
What! how! the famous critic! is this he?
How sour his looks! no smiling graces dawn.
Why, 'tis to see himself so vilely drawn.

CCCLVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLVII.

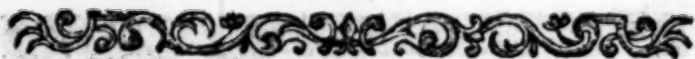
APOLLO and DAPHNE.

WHEN *Phæbus* saw a rugged bark beguile
His love, and his embraces intercept ;
The leaves, instructed by his griefs to smile,
Taking fresh growth and verdure, as he wept ;
How can, saith he, my woes expect release,
When tears, the subject of my tears, increase ?
His chang'd, yet scorn-retaining fair, he kist ;
From the lov'd trunk plucking a little bough :
And tho' the conquest, which he fought, he mist ;
With that triumphant spoil adorns his brow.
Thus this disdainful maid his aim deceives ;
Where he expected fruit, he gathers leaves.

CCCLVIII.

THE *Macedonian* youth with tears deplor'd,
The scanty globe should stint his conqu'ring sword ;
Xerxes in tears dissolv'd, to think how soon
His num'rous host should all be dead and gone :
The *Persian's* juster tears my praise employ ;
Admire, who will, the froward *Grecian* boy.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLIX.

TALK, *Strephon*, no more of what's honest and just ;
For friendship is int'rest, and love is but lust :
To the purse, and no further, the one doth extend ;
And, after enjoyment, your love's at an end :
Then no longer maintain, what your actions deny ;
Your oft-broken vows your assertions bely :
When I once see your words with your practice agree,
I'll believe you the man, that you now seem to be.
That you once have deceiv'd me, I do not complain ;
But 'tis my own fault, if you cheat me again :
For none will the fate of that pilot deplore,
Who wrecks on that shelf, where he stranded before.

CCCLX.

A Lover's Reflection.

How shall I shake off cold despair,
And warm *Amelia's* breast ?
Be bold. ——— Alas ! what lover dare,
Who trembles to be blest ?

CCCLXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXI.

*Written at Brigadier S——'s over a Bowl of
Punch, where JUPITER and HEBE are
painted on the Ceiling.*

LET Jove no more his *Hebe* boast,
Or quaff celestial wine :
We here have many a brighter toast,
And nectar more divine.

What place more fam'd for mirth and love,
Could art or nature show ?
The merry thund'rer rules above,
The brigadier below.

CCCLXII.

Epitaph on a talkative Lady.

How apt are men to lye ! how dare they say,
When life is lost, all learning fleets away ?
Since this glad grave holds *Cloe*, fair and young ;
Who, where she is, first learn'd to hold her tongue.

CCCLXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXIII.

On BLOOD's stealing the Crown.

WHEN daring *Blood*, his rent to have regain'd,
Upon the *English* diadem distrain'd;
He chose the cassock, surcingle, and gown,
The fittest mark for one that robs the crown.
But his lay pity, underneath, prevail'd;
And, while he sav'd the keeper's life, he fail'd.
With the priest's vestment, had he but put on
The prelate's cruelty, the crown had gone.

CCCLXIV.

FORGIVE, fair creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring youth's desire:
Those charms, those virtues, when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire?

While each the other still improves,
The fairest face, the fairest mind;
Not, with the proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

CCCLXV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXV.

An Epitaph.

A True dissenter here does lie indeed ;
He ne'er with any, or himself, agreed ;
But, rather than want subjects to his spite,
Would, snake-like, turn, and his own tail would bite.
Sometimes, 'tis true, he took the faster side ;
But when he came, by suff'ring, to be try'd,
The craven soon betray'd his fear and pride :
Thence, *Settle-like*, he to recanting fell ;
Of all he wrote, or fancy'd to be well :
Thus purg'd from good, and thus prepar'd for evil,
He fac'd to *Rome*, and march'd off to the devil.

CCCLXVI.

MARTIAL, Lib. 5. Epig. 75.

GREAT *Pompey's* ashes *Egypt's* triumphs swell :
His sons in *Europe*, and in *Asia*, fell.
What wonder, that these three so distant dy'd ?
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide.

CCCLX V

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXVII.

*On two Twin-Sisters, who died at the same
Time, and were bury'd in one Grave.*

FAIR marble, tell to future days,
That here two virgin-sisters lie ;
Whose life employ'd each tongue in praise,
Whose death gave tears to ev'ry eye.

In stature, beauty, years, and fame,
Together as they grew, they shone ;
So much alike, so much the same,
That death mistook them both for one.

CCCLXVIII.

To *Rosalinda's* eyes who not submit,
Fall the proud victims of her conqu'ring wit ;
And all, whose dulness dares her wit despise,
Bow to the piercing influence of her eyes.
Thou then, who wishest not her slave to be,
Become but deaf and blind, and thou art free.

CCCLXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXIX.

MARTIAL, *Lib. 2. Epig. 5.*

To walk a mile a friend to see,
Thou ask'st, if I disdain:
I walk it oft; but see not thee;
And walk it back again.

To go a mile to see thee, know,
My friend, I grudge not ought:
But then I grudge to travel two,
And that, to see thee not.

CCCLXX.

On a FEATHER in a Lady's Hair.

If C———*rn* but wear it, a feather's a charm:
Ah! who can be safe, when a feather can harm?
Since first I beheld, what a life have I led!
All joy and content with that feather are fled.
Fly, youth, from this beauty, whoever thou art;
And, warn'd by the feather, beware of the dart.

CCCLXXI.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CCCLXXI.

Epitaph on a Man and his Wife.

HERE sleep, whom neither life, nor love,
Nor friendship's strictest tie,
Could, in such close embrace, as thou,
Thou faithful grave, ally.

Preserve them, each dissolv'd in each,
For bands of love divine,
For unions only more complete,
Thou faithful grave, than thine.

CCCLXXII.

On the foregoing.

IF, as they tell us, man and wife
Are marry'd only but for life;
Say then, ye learned casuists, whether
They after death should lie together?



CCCLXXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXIII.

MARTIAL, *Lib. 4. Epig. 78.*

VARUS invited me to sup of late ;
The food was scanty ; but the wealth was great :
Vast empty plates, and cups of gold, were serv'd ;
My eyes were feasted, but my guts were starv'd.
Varus, I did not come to gaze, but eat :
So take away your plates, or bring some meat.

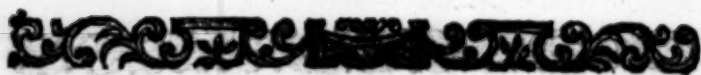
CCCLXXIV.

The MONUMENT.

A Monster, in a course of vice grown old,
Leaves to his gaping heir his ill-gain'd gold ;
Strait breathes his bust, strait are his virtues shown,
Their date commencing with the sculptur'd stone.
If on his specious marble we rely,
Pity a worth, like his, should ever die !
If credit to his real life we give,
Pity a wretch, like him, should ever live.

CCCLXXV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXV.

From the GREEK.

O^N *Stygian* banks, *Diogenes* the wife
Bursts into laughter, when he *Cræsus* spies ;
And thus bespeaks, in thread-bare cloak and old,
The monarch famous for his gather'd gold :
I, nothing leaving, all to *Charon* bear ;
Thou, *Cræsus*, rich on earth, hast nothing here.

CCCLXXVI.

On the foregoing.

THE *Lydian* prince is blam'd for wealth alone ;
Tho' greater in his virtues, than his throne :
The *Cynic* churl is prais'd, of fame secure ;
Tho' void of ev'ry grace, but being poor :
Nor wonder, whence this partial judgment springs ;
Such crowds are envious, and so few are kings.

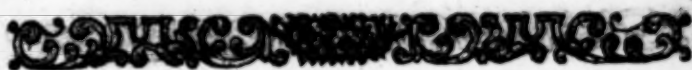
CCCLXXVII.

MARTIAL, *Lib. 8. Epig. 19.*

CINNA cries out, I am not worth a great ;
And is, plague on him, what he would be thought.

CCCLXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXVIII.

MARTIAL, *Lib. 7. Epig. 59.*

GREAT *Capitolian Jove*, thou god, to whom
Our *Cæsar* owes that bliss he sheds on *Rome*;
While prostrate crouds thy daily bounty tire,
And all thy blessings for themselves desire;
Accuse me not of pride, that I alone
Put up no pray'r, that may be call'd *my own*:
For *Cæsar's* wants, O *Jove*, I sue to thee;
Cæsar himself can grant what's fit for me.

CCCLXXIX.

*On setting up Mr. BUTLER's Monument in
Westminster-Abbey.*

WHILST *Butler*, needy wretch! was still alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.

R

CCCLXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXX.

On the same Occasion. *

RESPECT to *Dryden* justly *Sheffield* † paid;
And witty *Villiers* † honour'd *Cowley*'s shade;
But whence is *Barber* §? that a name so mean
Should, join'd with *Butler*, on a tomb be seen!
The free-stone bust far better might proclaim,
To future ages, humbler † *Settle*'s name:
Patron and poet then had well been pair'd;
The city printer, and the city bard.

CCCLXXXI. **

by M. prior

How capricious were nature and art to poor *Nel*?
She was painting her cheeks, at the time her nose
fell.

* We think this but a bad piece of gratitude from the poets, for a favour done to one of their fraternity; but it must be remember'd, that we insert these verses rather for their wit, than their virtue.

† Two dukes of *Buckingham*, who erected monuments to those two poets.

§ Alderman *Barber*, a printer.

† *Settle* was the Alderman's Godfather.

** Compare this with N°. CXXXVII, and N°. CCXLVI.

CCCLXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXXII. †

No more, O *Rome*, thy wrong belief defend;
No more for seven sacraments contend:
Each wedded wretch can readily confute
Thy boasted arguments in this dispute;
For all, by sad experience taught, proclaim,
Penance and matrimony are the same.

CCCLXXXIII.

Alluding to the foregoing.

Not all the shifts, that crafty *Rome* invents,
Can e'er complete her tale of sacraments:
For while the wedded laymen, to their cost,
Find matrimony all in penance lost;
The clergy own, debarr'd the nuptial flame,
Penance and orders are to them the same.

† This is so bare-fac'd a piece of plagiarism from Mr. *Duke's* famous epigram, -N°. CLXXI. that we could have no excuse for reprinting it, were it not for the introduction it gives to the succeeding.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXXIV.

To ELIZA, intending a Voyage to SPAIN.

To *Spain*? forbid it heav'n! oh! wish no more
To bless profusely that abounding shore.
To souls like thine it can no pleasure yield,
To waste manure on that too fertile field.
The barren soil, which wants, alone should share
The gen'rous influence of *Eliza's* care:
Since *Spain*, high-treasur'd, grasps the golden west;
Oh! let thy *Indies* be by us possess'd.

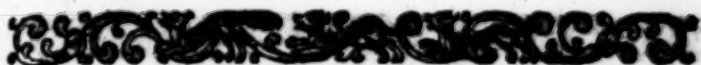
CCCLXXXV.

*On a Lock of SYLVIA's Hair, wrapt up in
brown Paper.*

LET it not move thy wonder, that I place
So rich a treasure in so poor a case:
That sun-bless'd land, where the proud di'mond grows,
All wealth at heart, a barren surface shows:
So conscious virtue, satisfy'd within,
Disdains to wear the prize, she loves to win.

CCCLXXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXXVI.

Written on a Glass by a Gentleman, who borrow'd the Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S Diamond-Pencil.

ACCCEPT a miracle, instead of wit;
See two dull lines by *Stanbope's* pencil writ.

CCCLXXXVII.

SWIFT, thro' my breast, your thrilling kisses rove;
And melt, fair dear, my ravish'd soul to love:
So the fork'd lightning flies, and fires within;
When, all without, no mark of danger's seen.

CCCLXXXVIII.

The Loss.

In a dark corner of the house,
Poor *Helen* sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she finds her eye-brows,
She'll ev'n weep out her eyes.

CCCLXXXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCLXXXIX.

WHY should those eyes, *Florella*, wear
A chilling scorn to me?
Yet, ardent, gaze on one who ne'er
Yet felt a sigh for thee?

Or why, if you are not decreed
To ease another's pain,
Am I not of my passion freed,
Or you, of your disdain?

Forbear, fond youth, *Florella* said:
And blame not me, but fate:
You're doom'd, alas! by her betray'd
To love, and I to hate.

CCCXC.

MARTIAL, *Lib. I. Epig. 39.*

THOSE verses, *Brawler*, which thou'st read, are mine;
But as thou'st read them wrong, they'll pass for
thine.

CCCXCI.

XXXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXCI.

*On the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Disgrace
at Court, 1687.*

WHEN great men fall, great griefs arise,
In one, two, three, four families:
When this man fell, there rose great sorrow
In Rome, Geneva, Sodom, and Gomorrah.

CCCXCII.

To the Lady DUTRY.

DUTRY, that soul-inspiring fair,
Improves the poet's story,
With spotless fame, and beauty rare,
Surpassing Helen's glory.

Helen, less fair, may boast her art,
A guilty warmth to raise;
Dutry refines the vanquish'd heart,
To virtue's purer praise.

CCCXCIII.

A Collection of Epigrams



CCCXCIII.

WHEN God almighty had his palace fram'd,
That glorious shining place he *heaven* nam'd ;
And when the first rebellious angels fell,
He doom'd them to a certain place call'd *hell* :
Here's *heav'n* and *hell*, confirm'd by sacred story ;
But yet I ne'er could read of *purgatory* ;
That cleansing-place, which of late years is found,
For sinning souls to flux in, till they're found :
The priest form'd that for the good *Roman* race ;
Our Maker never thought of such a place.
O *Rome* ! we'll own thee for a learn'd wise nation,
To add a place, wanting in God's creation.

CCCXCIV.

COLEMAN'S *Epitaph*.

IF heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to sin ;
If hell be pleas'd, when souls are damn'd therein ;
If earth be pleas'd, when it's rid of a knave ;
Then all are pleas'd ; for *Coleman's* in his grave.

CCCXCV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CCCXCV.

On a MEDAL, whereon two Names were interwoven.

THIS mystic knot unites two royal names,
Victorious *Lewis*, and long-suff'ring *James*;
Pious and stout assertors of the cross,
Whether it be by conquest, or by loss:
Their glory's equal, diff'rent is their fate;
Laurels on one, palms for the other wait.

CCCXCVI.†

On a famous TOAST.

BELINDA has such wond'rous charms,
'Tis heav'n to lie within her arms:
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in heaven.

† Compare this with N°. XXXII. and N°. CLXV. both written by a lady, and yet the subject not so feelingly touch'd as here.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CCCXCVII.

*On King WILLIAM's Actions during two
Campaigns in FLANDERS.*

THE author sure must take great pains,
Who pretends to write his story,
In which of these two last campaigns
He's acquir'd the greatest glory :

For while that he march'd on to fight,
Like hero, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in his fight,
And *Mons* within his hearing.

CCCXCVIII.

WE men have many faults ;
Poor women have but two : ———
There's nothing good they say ;
There's nothing good they do.

CCCXCIX.

THOU'LT fight, if any man call *Phæbe* whore :
That she is thine, what can proclaim it more ?

CD.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CD.

*On the Death of Queen MARY, and the
Marshal de LUXEMBURG.*

BEHOLD, *Dutch* prince, here lie th' unconquer'd pair,
Who knew your strength in love, your strength in
war :

Unequal match ! from both no conquest gains ;
No trophy of your love, or war, remains.

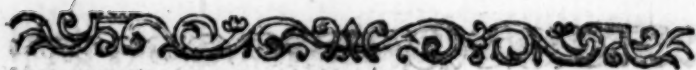
CDI.

Epitaph on TOM D'URFEY.

HERE lies the *lyric*, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong:
His tale was pleasant, and his song was sweet,
His heart was chearful, ——— but his thirst was great.
Grieve, reader, grieve, that he, too soon grown old,
His song has ended, and his tale has told.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDH.

*J*OHN Dryden enemies had three,
Dubb'd Dick, Old Nic, and Jeremy:
The doughty knight was forc'd to yield;
The other two have kept the field:
But had the poet's life been holier,
He'd foil'd the devil, and the Collier.

CDIII.

In CHAUCER's Style. †
by M. Prior

*F*AIR Susan did her wif-hede well menteine,
Algates assaulted fore by letchours tweine.
Now, and I read aright that auntient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full yong.
Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde,
Had they been yong, (pardie) and she been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much forer tryal;
Full merveillous, I wote, were swilk denyal.

† Compare this with N^o. CCXLVI. where the same thought is found, a little diversify'd: but I have seen several copies of verses upon this subject, all furnish'd out of the same piece of raillery; which is so easy, that I think no would-be-wit has ever miss'd it: these lines, however, have some merit for the antique style, which is so well imitated in them.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDIV.

On the Successes in the Reign of Queen ANNE.

PALLAS, destructive to the *Trojan* line,
Raz'd their proud walls, tho' built with hands di-
But love's bright goddess, with propitious grace, [vine ;
Preserv'd an hero, to restore the race :
So the fam'd empire, where the *Iber* flows,
Fell by *Eliza*, and by *Anna* rose.

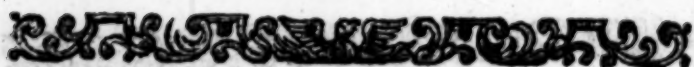
CDV.

On the Countess of DORCHESTER.

PROUD with the spoils of royal cully,
With false pretence to wit and parts,
She swaggers, like a batter'd bully,
To try the temper of men's hearts.

Tho' she appears as glitt'ring fine,
As gems, and jetts, and paint can make her ;
She ne'er can win a breast like mine :
The devil and fir *David* take her.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDVI.

Written over a BISHOP'S Door.

'T is a strange thing to think on,
That old *Tom* of *Lincoln*,
Who writ for the reformation,
Should so basely submit,
Without honour, or wit,
To be reading the declaration.

Whoever takes order
From this fatan-recorder,
And thinks to go out a 'divine ;
Will find it a folly
T' expect the Ghost Holy ;
'Tis the devil, that enters the swine.

CDVII.

I f youth and beauty fade, my dear,
Impart them wisely, while you may :
If still they last, why should you fear
To give, what none can take away ?

CDVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDVIII.

DEMOCRITUS, dear droll, revisit earth ;
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth :
Sad *Heraclitus*, serious wretch, return ;
In louder grief, our greater crimes to mourn :
Between you both, I unconcern'd stand by :
Hurt, can I laugh ? and honest, need I cry ?

CDIX.

The EYE-BROW. *by M. Prior*

HER eye-brow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oft'nest crost)
Sad *Helen* thus to *Jenny* said,
Her careless, but afflicted maid :
Put me to bed then, wretched *Jane* :
Alas ! when shall I rise again ?
I can behold no mortal now ;
For what's an eye, without a brow ?



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDX.

*On the same.
by M. Prior*

HELEN was just slipp'd into bed ;
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay ;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune, careless *Jane*,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated ;
And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as fages write,
Depends our human joy, or sorrow :
If we don't catch a mouse to night,
Alas ! no eye-brows for to morrow. *

* These two are the overflowings of the same fancy upon one subject: the reader may have an opportunity of comparing them with N^o. CXIX. and CCCLXXXVIII. all by the same hand.



CDXI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXI.

On Lady ESSEX, who was a DUTCH Woman.

THE bravest hero, and the brightest dame,
From *Belgia's* happy clime, *Britannia* drew:
One pregnant cloud, we find, does often frame
The awful thunder, and the gentle dew.

CDXII.

To Mrs. ANASTASIA ROBINSON.

WHEN *Salva* sings, or plays the heroine's part,
The fiction's ill supported by her art;
There's something vulgar, thro' the rich disguise,
Betrays the mimic, and offends the eyes:
But when your voice is heard, and beauty seen,
You seem a goddess, while you act a queen.



CDXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXIII.

The DECANter.

O Thou, that high thy head doſt bear,
With round ſmooth neck, and ſingle ear,
With well-turn'd narrow mouth, from whence
Flow ſtreams of nobleſt eloquence ;
'Tis thou, that firſt the bard divine,
Sacred to *Phæbus*, and the nine,
That mirth and ſoft delight-can't move,
Sacred to *Venus*, and to love :
Yet, ſpite of all thy virtues rare,
Thou'rt not a boon-companion fair :
Thou'rt full of wine, when thirſty I ;
And when I'm drunk, then thou art dry.

CDXIV.

On Mrs. DUNCH.

O H! *Dunch*, if fewer with thy charms are fir'd,
Than when by *Godfrey's* name thou waſt admir'd ;
'Tis not, that marriage makes thee ſeem leſs fair ;
But then we hop'd, and now we muſt deſpair.

CDXV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXV.

Written in 1680.

THE rabble hates, the gentry fear,
And wise men want support :
A rising country threatens here,
And there a starving court.

Not for the nation, but the fair,
Our treasury provides ;
Bulkeby's Godolphin's only care,
As *Middleton* is *Hyde's*.

Rowley, too late thou'lt understand,
What now thou shunn'st to find ;
That nothing's quiet in the land,
Except thy careless mind.

England is now, 'twixt thee and *York*,
The fable of the frog ;
He is the fierce devouring stork,
And thou the lumpish log.



CDXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXVI.

An EPITAPH.

ALGERNOON *Sidney* fills this tomb,
An atheist, by disclaiming *Rome* ;
A rebel bold, by striving still
To keep the laws above the will ;
And hind'ring those would pull them down,
To leave no limits to a crown ;
Crimes damn'd by church and government !
O whither must his soul be sent ?
Of heaven it must needs despair,
If that the pope be turnkey there :
And hell can ne'er it entertain ;
For there is all tyrannic reign :
And purgatory's such pretence,
As ne'er deceiv'd a man of sense.
Where goes it then ? ——— Where't ought to go,
Where pope and dev'l have nought to do.



CDXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXVII.

BEFORE *Apollo's* shrine I pray'd,
That I, by verse, to fame might rise :
Read the best poet, *Phæbus* said,
And place his works before your eyes.

Best poet ! ——— O, great *Phæbus*, how,
How may this pattern wit be found ?
What age produc'd the man, whom thou
With this high character hast crown'd ?

Does he among the dead reside,
Or dwell with those who now survive ?
Thus I ——— When *Phæbus* quick reply'd ;
Go, ask if *Prior's* still alive.

CDXVIII.

On the Dutcheſs of St. ALBAN'S.

THE line of *Vere*, so long renown'd in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. *Alban's* charms :
Her conqu'ring eyes have made their race complete ;
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

CDXIX.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CDXIX.

Written in the Year 1686.

UNHAPPIER age who ever saw,
When truth doth go for treason ;
Ev'ry blockhead's will for law,
And coxcomb's sence for reason ?

Religion's made a bawd of state,
To serve the pimps and panders ;
Our liberty a prison-grate ;
And *Irishmen* commanders.

O how wretched is our fate !
What dangers do we run !
We must be wicked, to be great ;
And, to be just, undone.

'Tis thus our sov'reign keeps his word,
And makes the nation great :
To *Irishmen* he trusts the sword,
To jesuits the state.



CDXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXX.

On a hasty MARRIAGE.

MARRY'D! 'tis well! a mighty blessing!
But poor's the joy, no coin possessing?
In antient times, when folk did wed,
'Twas to be one at board and bed:
But hard's his case, who can't afford
His charmer either bed or board.

CDXXI.

I Dream'd, that, bury'd in my fellow clay,
Close by a common beggar's side I lay:
And, as so mean a neighbour shock'd my pride,
Thus, like a corpse of consequence, I cry'd:
Scoundrel, begone; and henceforth touch me not;
More manners learn; and, at a distance, rot.
How! scoundrel! in a haughtier tone, cry'd he;
Proud lump of dirt, I scorn thy words, and thee;
Here all are equal; now thy case is mine;
This is my rotting-place, and that is thine.

CDXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXII. *

By nature meant; by want a pedant made,
Bl — *re* at first profess'd the whipping trade:
Grown fond of buttocks, he would lash no more;
But kindly cur'd the arse, he gall'd before:
So quack commenc'd: then, fierce with pride, he swore,
That tooth-ach, gripes, and corns should be no more:
In vain his drugs, as well as birch, he try'd;
His boys grew blockheads, and his patients dy'd:
Next he turn'd bard; and mounted on a cart,
Whose hideous rumbling made *Apollo* start,
Burlesqu'd the bravest, wisest son of *Mars*,
In ballad rhymes, and all the poms of farce:
Still he chang'd callings; and at length has hit
On bus'ness for his matchless talent fit,
To give us drenches for the plague of wit.

* This, and the nine following, were made at several times upon *Sir Richard Blackmore*, and his poetry. By the multitude of such verses, which we meet with, we should judge, that it was formerly almost fashionable to abuse that gentleman: however, we disclaim any such design; nor should these *kw* appear here, if they had not, with many more, been already as publick as they can be.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXIII.

A Grave physician, us'd to write for fees,
And spoil no paper, but with recipes,
Is now turn'd poet, rails against all wit,
Except that little found among the great;
As if he thought, true wit and sense were ty'd
To men in place, like avarice or pride:
But, in their praise, so like a quack he talks,
You'd swear, he waited for his *Christmas-box*.
With mangled names, old stories he pollutes;
And, to the present time, past action suits:
Amaz'd we find, in ev'ry page he writes,
Members of parliament with *Arthur's* knights.
It is a common pastime to write ill;
And, doctor, with the rest, e'en take thy fill:
Thy satire's harmless; 'tis thy prose, that kills,
When thou prescrib'st thy potions, and thy pills.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXIV.

LET *Blackmore* still, in good king *Arthur's* vein,
To *Fleckno's* empire his just right maintain;
Let him his own to common sense oppose;
With praise, and slander, maul both friends and foes;
Let him great *Dryden's* awful name profane;
And learned *Garth* with envious pride disdain;
Codron's bright genius with vile puns lampoon;
And run a muck at all the wits in town;
Let the quack scribble any thing but bills:
His satire wounds not; but his physick kills.

CDXXV.

SINCE *B—y's* nonsense to out-do you strive,
Vain to be thought the dullest wretch alive;
And such inimitable strains have writ,
That the most famous blockheads must submit;
Long may you reign; and long, unenvy'd, live;
And none invade your great prerogative:
But, in return, your poetry give o'er;
And persecute poor *Job*, and us, no more.

CDXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXVI.

A Monument of dulness to erect,
B—y should write, and Bl—re should correct:
Like which no other piece can e'er be wrought,
For decency of style, and life of thought;
But that, where B — y shall in judgment sit,
To pare excrescencies from Bl — re's wit.

CDXXVII.

POOR *Job* lost all the comforts of his life;
And hardly sav'd a potsherd, and a wife:
Yet *Job* blest God, and *Job* again was blest;
His virtue was essay'd, and bore the test:
But had heav'n's wrath pour'd out its fiercest phial,
Had he been then burlesqu'd; without denial,
The patient man had yielded to that trial;
His pious spouse, with Bl — re on her side,
Must have prevail'd; and *Job* had curs'd, and dy'd.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXVIII.

Were bid thee not give o'er the killing trade :
Whilst fees come in, 'tis fruitless to dissuade :
Religion is a trick, you've practis'd long,
To bring in pence, and gull the gaping throng :
But all thy patients now perceive thy aim ;
They find thy morals, and thy skill, the same :
Then, if thou would'st thy ignorance redress,
Pr'ythee, mind physick more, and rhyming less.

CDXXIX.

I Charge thee, knight, in great *Apollo's* name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproof and shame,
Either thy rhymes, or clysters, to disclaim :
Both are too much, one feeble brain to rack ;
Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack :
Such shoals of readers thy damn'd fustian kills,
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive, to take thy pills.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXX.

THE preacher, *Maurus*, cries, *All wit is vain*;
Unless 'tis like his godliness, for gain:
Of most vain things he may the folly own;
But wit's a vanity, he has not known.

CDXXXI.

IF wit (as we are told) be a disease,
And if physicians cure by contraries,
Bl—re alone the healing secret knows;
'Tis from his pen the grand elixir flows.

CDXXXII.

On the Lady HARRIOT GODOLPHIN.

GODOLPHIN's easy, and unpractis'd air,
Gains without art, and governs without care:
Her conqu'ring race with various fate surprize;
Who 'scape *their* arms, are captives to *her* eyes.

CDXXXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXXIII.

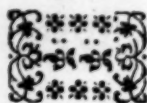
The Robber robb'd.

A Certain priest had hoarded up
A mass of secret gold ;
And, where he might bestow it safe,
He knew not to be bold.

At last it came into his thought,
To lock it in a chest,
Within the chancel ; and he wrote
Thereon, *Hic DEUS est.*

A merry grig, whose greedy mind
Did long for such a prey,
Respecting not the sacred words,
That on the casket lay,

Took out the gold ; and blotting out
The priest's inscript thereon,
Wrote, *RESURREXIT, non est hic ;*
Your god is rose, and gone.



CDXXXIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXXIV.

Inscription for a Fountain, adorn'd with Queen ANNE's and the late Duke of MARLBOROUGH's Images, and the chief Rivers of the World round the Work.

YE active streams, where-e'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes, and farthest nations know,
What ye from *Thames* and *Danube* have been taught,
How ANNE commanded, and how MARLB'RO' fought.

CDXXXV.

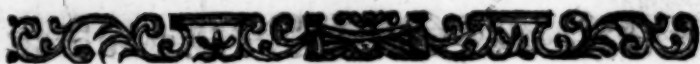
WHEN *Israel's* daughters mourn'd their past offences,
They dealt in sackcloth, and turn'd cinder-
wenches :

The *Richmond* fair ones ne'er will spoil their locks ;
They use white powder, and wear holland smocks.
O beauteous church ! where females think clean linnen
As decent to repent in, as to sin in.



CDXXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams



CDXXXVI.

*The Emperor A D R I A N's Verses, to his Soul,
imitated.*

Poor, little, pretty, flutt'ring thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight, the Lord knows whither?

Thy hum'rous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot;
And, pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st, and hop'st, thou know'st not what.

CDXXXVII.

A TRUE MAID.

by M. Prior

No, no, for my virginity,
When I lose that, says *Rose*, I'll die.
Behind the elms, last night, cry'd *Dick*,
Rose, were you not — extremely sick?

CDXXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXXXVIII.

*To a Lady descended from the SAXON Kings
of this Island.*

THAT pow'rful name, whose princely meaning shows,
From what high spring your blood's rich current
With needful awe, reminds us of your race, [flows,
Since heav'n has stamp'd dominion on your face:
Still, in your sov'reign form, distinctly live
All royal rights, your father-kings could give:
In your commanding air, we mark their state;
In your sweet words, their wisdom, and their weight;
Warm, in your gen'rous breast, their courage lies;
And all their pow'r, and mercy, in your eyes.

CDXXXIX.

On a certain POET.

THY verses are *eternal*, o my friend —
For he that reads them, reads them to no end.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXL.

On the Dutcheſs of PORTSMOUTH's Picture.

WHO can on this picture look,
And not ſtrait be wonder-ſtruck?
That ſuch a ſneaking dowdy thing
Should make a beggar of a king;
Three happy nations turn to tears,
And all their former love to fears;
Ruin the great, and raiſe the ſmall;
Yet will, by turns, betray them all;
Lowly born, and meanly bred;
Yet of this nation is the head;
For half *Whitehall* make her their court,
Tho' t'other half make her their ſport;
Monmouth's tamer, *Jeffries's* advance,
Foe to *England*, ſpy to *France*;
False, and fooliſh, proud, and bold,
Ugly, as you ſee, and old;
In a word, her mighty grace
Is whore in all things, but her face.



CDXL.

CDXLI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXLI.

On the Lord Chancellor KING'S Motto, Labor ipse Voluptas.

'T is not the splendor of the place,
The gilded coach, the purse, the mace,
And all the pompous train of state,
With crouds, which at the levee wait,
That make you happy, make you great:
But, when mankind you strive to bless,
With all the talents you possess;
When all the joys you can receive,
Flow from the benefits you give;
This takes the heart, this conquers spite,
And makes the heavy burden light:
True *pleasure*, rightly understood,
Is only *labour to do good*.

CDXLII.

T HAT ign'rance makes devout, if right the notion,
Troth, *Rufus*, thou'rt a man of great devotion.

A Collection of Epigrams;



CDXLIIH.

On a Lady's living at PARIS.

WHILST haughty Gallia's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms, divinely fair,
Confusion in their looks they show'd;
And, with unborrow'd blushes, glow'd.

CDXLIV.

EPITAPH on a young Gentleman.

OF gentle blood, his parents only treasure,
Their lasting sorrow, and their vanish'd pleasure;
Adorn'd with features, virtues, wit, and grace;
A large provision for so short a race!
More mod'rate gifts might have prolong'd his date,
Too early fitted for a better state:
But knowing heav'n his home, to shun delay,
He leap'd o'er age, and took the shortest way.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXLV.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes !
And now the sun begins to rise !
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.

With light united, day they give ;
But diff'rent fates, ere night, fulfil ;
How many, by his warmth, will live !
How many will her coldness kill !

CDXLVI. *

The LADY's Offering of her Looking Glass to
VENUS.

VENUS, take my votive glass :
Since I am not what I was,
What, from this day, I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

* This is an excellent translation of that epigram in *Ansenius*, in which *Lais* is suppos'd to offer her mirror to *Venus*: we can't but observe, that our poet has as copiously done, in four short verses, what the *Latin* has taken the same number of hexameter and pentameter for.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXLVII.

Written in a Lady's MILTON.

SEE here, how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone:
Such charming words our beauteous mother spoke,
As *Milton* wrote; and, such as yours, her look;
Yours, the best copy of th' orig'nal face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such charms no author could escape, but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

CDXLVIII.

FAIR *Margaret*, in woful wife,
Six hearts has bound in thrall:
As yet, she undetermin'd lies,
Which she her spouse shall call.

Wretched, and only wretched he,
To whom that fate shall fall!
For, if her heart aright I see,
Sh' intends to please them all.

CDXLIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXLIX.

THE town reports the falshood of my dear ;
To which I cry, Oh that I could not hear !
I love her still : peace then, thou babler *Fame* ;
And let me rest, contented, in my shame.

CDL.

Marriage a dirty Journey.

THE morning rose, bright as a blooming bride,
Flush'd with enjoyment from her lover's side ;
So warm for winter, and so like the spring,
I thought to hear the foolish cuckoo sing :
But see, how soon the blessing turn'd a curse !
The weather, and the ways, grew worse and worse ;
The clouds look sullen in the faithless skies ;
And winds, like jealousy, in murmurs rise ;
It thunder'd in my ears, and lighten'd in my eyes ;
Sometimes a flatt'ring minute seem'd to smile ;
But lasted but a very little while.

Such is the morning of a marry'd life ;
But such the dirty journey with a wife.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLI.

*On the Translation of SUTTONIUS by Dr.
PHILEMON HOLLAND, who had trans-
lated several Authors.*

PHILEMON with translations so doth fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be tranquillus.

CDLII.

*On Dr. SACHEVERELL's Mathematical
Blunder.*

(Written in 1711.)

As Creech swang away in a sanctify'd twine,
So I would advise this rev'rend divine,
To hang himself up in a *parallel line*:
Then all, but my soul, on this lay would I venture:
If the scriptures prove true, they'll *meet in a centre*.
Oh, how it would please the poor whining fanaticks,
To see high-church built upon such mathematicks!

CDLIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLIII.

On Mr. CORNELIUS MARTEN, (a contented Cuckold.)

NIGRELIO leads a marry'd life,
Not with his own, but's neighbour's wife :
Cornelius knows it to be thus ;
But he's *Cornelius tacitus*.

CDLIV.

BELINDA swears, by G—d, her hair is black :
And who denies it, is a saucy Jack :
The leaden comb each morning makes it so :
Is then *Belinda* perjur'd ? I say, no.

CDLV.

REBUS on the Name of Mr. SANDFORD.

THE pavement of the boundless main,
Which numbers strive to reach in vain ;
The shallow of the limpid stream ;
The shepherd's wish ; the poet's theme ;
Denote the man, whose wit can be
Clear, as the stream ; deep, as the sea.

CDLVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLVI.

The Lady's Wish.

IF it be true, celestial pow'rs,
That you have form'd me fair;
And yet, in all my vainest hours,
My mind has been my care:

Then, in return, I beg this grace;
As you were ever kind,
What envious time takes from my face,
Bestow upon my mind.

CDLVII.

EPITAPH on a young Lady.

IF (weeping love) inquirers seek to know
Her name, whose charms enrich the dust below,
Point up, and bid them read — but say no more;
Nor strive in vain to count her virtues o'er:
Scarce could the sweet amount be justly sung,
Tho' her each atom was an angel's tongue.

CDLVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLVIII. *

YOUNG *Acon* wants, *Lunilla* wants an eye;
 And either might with gods in beauty vie:
 Those lamps, sweet youth, which shine, apart, so fair,
 No longer with thy blooming mother share:
 Oh! let thy light adorn *Lunilla's* brow:
 So shall she *Venus* be, blind *Cupid* thou.

CDLIX.

On *Dido*. †

Poor queen! twice doom'd disastrous love to try!
 You fly the dying; for the flying die.

* To the two translations, which we gave in N° CCXXII. and CCXXIII. of a famous *Latin* epigram, we have added this; which, for its beauty and elegance, surpasses all the others we have seen.

† This is very happily imitated from the *Latin* of *Ausonius*, which has been judg'd too comprehensive to be reduc'd into the same number of *English* lines; and is as follows:

Infelix Dido! nulli bene nupta marito!
Hoc pereunte fugis: hoc fugiente peris.

CDLX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLX.

The FEATHER.

IN *Florimel's* arms, as if quite out of breath,
I'll kiss thee, my charmer, I'll kiss thee to death,
Cry'd *Thyrfis*, in raptures — but soon, on her breast,
He sunk down his head, and compos'd him to rest.
Not long had they lain thus, unactive, together,
Ere the wanton pluck'd forth from the bolster a feather;
And grasping him hard, till he open'd his eyes,
In a tone of derision, the witty one cries —
To prevent being kill'd in the manner you said,
I resolve, with this feather, to chop off your head.

CDLXI.

MARTIAL, Lib. 2. Epig. 20.

PAUL so fond of the name of a poet is grown,
With gold he buys verses, and calls 'em his own:
Go on, master *Paul*, nor mind what the world says;
They are surely his own, for which a man pays.

CDLXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXII.

*From the FRENCH of Mons. MAYNARD.**

SICK of a life, possess'd in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late monarch; in whose reign,
None, who had merit, miss'd a post.

Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The pow'r of *France* — the *Spaniards* shame —
The rising honours of his son.

Grateful, the royal shade will smile;
And dwell, delighted, on your name;
Sweetly appeas'd, his griefs beguile;
And drown old losses in new fame.

But when he asks me, in what post
I did your wish'd commands obey,
And how I shar'd your favour most;
—— What would you please to have me say?

* The original, of which this is a good imitation, but not strictly a translation, passes for the finest little piece of poetry in the French language; tho' the critics think it rather too long for an epigram: it was address'd to cardinal *Richelieu*; who, upon reading the last line, answer'd very smartly, — Nothing. — So that it appears, the greatest of patrons are not always engag'd by mere merit.

CDLXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXIII

To CATO: From MART. *Lib. I. Epig. 3.*

WHY dost thou come, great censor of the age,
To see the loose diversions of the stage?
With awful countenance, and brow severe,
What, in the name of goodness, dost thou here?
See the mix'd croud, how giddy, lewd, and vain!
Dost thou come in, but to go out again?

CDLXIV.

On the fortunate and auspicious Reigns of
Q. ELIZABETH and Q. ANNE.

SURE heav'n's unerring voice decreed of old,
The fairest sex should Europe's balance hold:
As great *Eliza*'s forces humbled *Spain*;
So *France* now stoops to *Anne*'s superior reign:
'Thus, tho' proud *Jove* with thunder fills the sky,
Yet, in *Astrea*'s hands, the fatal scale does lie.



CDLXV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXV.

EPITAPH *on a Gentleman, who retir'd late
from the World.*

SHOULD curious readers wish to know,
S Whose dust their feet are pressing,
Similis, fam'd in war, lies low,
His country's boast and blessing.

Long did he toil, and grasp, and strive;
Yet lost his time, he fears:
For, tho' till sev'nty-six alive,
He liv'd but sev'n short years.

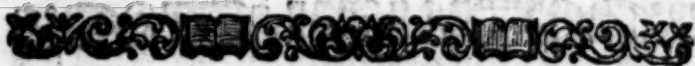
CDLXVI.

Optimum quod evenit.

By hidden springs man's smallest actions move,
B Wound up by an unerring hand above:
Why say you then, that this or that's amiss,
Since nothing could be *better*, than what *is*?

CDLXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams:



CDLXVII.

*On a Fan, in which was painted the Story of
CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, with this
Motto: AURA, VENI.*

by A. Pope

COME, gentle air, th' *Eolian* shepherd said;
While *Procris* panted in the sacred shade:
Come, gentle air, the fairer *Delia* cries;
While, at her feet, her swain expiring lies:
Lo! the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray,
Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play:
In *Delia's* hand this toy is fatal found;
Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound:
Both gifts destructive to the givers prove;
Alike both lovers fall, by those they love:
Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives;
At random wounds, nor knows the wounds she gives:
She views the story with attentive eyes;
And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies.



CDLXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXVIII.

On Pope JULIUS II. From BUCHANAN.

THY father *Genoese*, thy mother *Greek*,
Born on the seas ; who truth in thee would seek ?
False Greece, *Liguria's* false, and false the sea ;
False all : and all their falshoods are in thee.

CDLXIX.

Woman's RESOLUTION.

OH ! cry'd *Arsenia*, long in wedlock blest,
Her head reclining on her husband's breast,
" Should death divide thee from thy doating wife,
" What comfort could be found in widow'd life ?
" How the thought shakes me ! — heav'n my *Strephon*
" Or give the lost *Arsenia* half his grave." [I have,
 Jove heard the lovely mourner, and approv'd ;
" And should not wives, like this, (said he) be lov'd ?
" Take the soft sorrow'r at her word ; and try,
" How deeply rooted woman's vows can lie. "
 'Twas said, and done — the tender *Strephon* dy'd ;
 Arsenia two long months — t' out-live him try'd ;
But in the third — alas ! — became a bride.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXX.

What is THOUGHT?

THE hermit's solace in his cell;
The fire, that warms the poet's brain;
The lover's heaven, or his hell;
The mad man's sport; the wife man's pain.

CDLXXI.

On ORPHEUS.

No longer, *Orpheus*, shall thy sacred strains
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains;
No longer sooth the boist'rous wind to sleep,
Or still the billows of the raging deep:
For thou art gone: the muses mourn'd thy fall
In solemn strains; thy mother most of all.
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan;
If thus a goddess could not save her own.



CDLXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXII.

On EURIPIDES.

DIVINE *Euripides*, this tomb we see
So fair, is not a monument for thee,
So much as thou for it; since all will own,
Thy name, and lasting praise, adorns the stone.

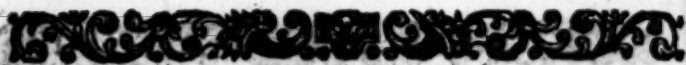
CDLXXIII.

On SOPHOCLES.

WIND, gentle ever-green, to form a shade
Around the tomb, where *Sophocles* is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs; and inter-twine
With blushing roses, and the clust'ring vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung;
Whose soul, exalted like a god of wit,
Among the muses, and the graces, writ.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXIV.

ON HOMER.

STILL in our ears *Andromache* complains;
And still in fight the fate of *Troy* remains;
Still *Ajax* fights; still *Hector*'s dragg'd along;
Such strange enchantment dwells in *Homer*'s song!
Whose birth could more than one poor realm adorn;
For all the world is proud, that he was born.

CDLXXV.

ON ANACREON.

THIS tomb be thine, *Anacreon*; all around,
Let ivy wreath, let flowrets deck the ground;
And, from its earth, enrich'd with such a prize,
Let wells of milk, and streams of wine arise:
So will thine ashes yet a pleasure know,
If any pleasure reach the shades below.



CDLXXVI.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXVI.

ON MENANDER.

THE very bees, o sweet *Menander*, hung,
To taste the muses spring upon thy tongue;
The very graces made the scenes you writ
Their happy point of fine expression hit:
Thus still you live, you make your *Athens* shine,
And raise its glory to the skies in thine. *

CDLXXVII.

WHEN one good line did much my wonder raise,
In *B—*'s works, I stood resolv'd to praise;
And had; but that the modest author cries,
Praise, undeserv'd, is satire in disguise.

* Neither this, nor the five preceding epitaphs are inserted here, as exactly conformable to the modern rules: but, as they are all pretty justly translated from the *Greek*, may give us a hint of the notion the antients conceiv'd of this species of poetry; which, in its infancy, did not consist, as now, nor depend upon point and turn; but contain'd one single thought, properly and concisely express'd, without any regard to what we at present call the sting of an epigram.

CDLXXVIII.

A Collection of Epigrams



CDLXXVIII.

On HOMER.

WHO first transcrib'd the famous *Trojan* war,
And wise *Ulysses'* acts, o *Jove*, make known;
For since 'tis certain, thine those poems are,
No more let *Homer* boast they are his own.

CDLXXIX.

The ROSE.

For the TENTH of JUNE.

FAIR rose, to thee all other flow'rs must yield,
That paint the garden, or adorn the field;
Whether, with ruddy blaze, you give delight,
Or else, diffuse, in milder beams of white,
Or party-colour'd dress, you charm the sight:
How beautiful in all you still appear,
Pride of the summer, glory of the year!
Can you, sweet flow'r, a baneful influence shed?
And rage, and discord, thro' the nation spread?
No, sure! from you our mischief never flows;
Not from the red, nor white, but the black rose.

CDLXXX.

A Collection of Epigrams.

CDLXXX.

To Mr. DRYDEN, on his Apostasy.

TRAITOR to God, and rebel to thy pen,
Priest-ridden poet, perjur'd son of *Ben*,
If ever thou prev'st honest, then the nation
May modestly believe transubstantiation.

CDLXXXI.

On MARINDA's Toilet.

HENCE vulgar beauties take their pow'rful arms,
And from their toilets borrow all their charms :
But bright *Marinda*, with a kinder care,
Rebates her sharper-pointed glances here ;
With our weak sight in pity she complies ;
And with our fashions veils the glories of her eyes.
The angels thus descending from above,
To visit men with messages of love,
Such shape assum'd, our blessing to complete,
And make the favour kind, as it was great ;
Thro' mortal vestments shone th' angelic air ;
And tho' in human form, they seem'd most heav'nly fair.

CDLXXXII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXXII.

*Occasion'd by the News that Sir R— B L—'s
Paraphrase upon J O B was in the Press.*

WHEN *Job* contending with the dev'l I saw,
It did my wonder, but not pity, draw;
For I concluded, that, without some trick,
A saint, at any time, could match *Old Nic*.

Next came a fiercer fiend upon his back,
I mean, his spouse, stunning him with her clack:
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A crab-tree cudgel soon would send her going.

But when the quack engag'd with *Job* I spy'd,
The Lord have mercy on poor *Job*, I cry'd:
What spouse and *Satan* did attempt in vain,
The quack will compass with his murd'ring pen,
And on a dunghil leave poor *Job* again:
With impious doggrel he'll pollute his theme;
And make the saint, against his will, blaspheme. *

* Here follow nine epigrams more upon the same subject with
N^o. CDXXII. &c. which are all we can publish, tho' several more
are to be found.

CDLXXXIII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXXIII.

*On K. ARTHUR, partly writ in the Doctor's
Coach, partly in a Coffee-House.*

LET the malicious criticks snarl and rail ;
Arthur immortal is, and must prevail :
In vain they strive to wound him with their tongue ;
The lifeless *fatus* can receive no wrong.
As rattling coach once thunder'd thro' the mire,
Out dropp'd abortive *Arthur* from his fire :
Well may he then both time and death defy ;
For what was never born, can never die.

CDLXXXIV.

THE *British Arthur*, as historians tell,
Deriv'd his birth from *Merlin's* magic spell ;
When *Uter*, taking the wrong'd husband's shape,
On fair *Igerne* did commit a rape.

But *modern Arthur*, of the cheapside-line,
May justly boast his parentage divine :
Wearing thy phyzz, and in thy habit drest,
The god of dulness his lewd dam compest.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXXV.

*To the Author of the SATIRE against WIT,
concealing his Name.*

HE that in *Arthur's* trash has penance done,
Need not be told, who writ this vile lampoon:
In both, the same eternal dulness shines,
Inspires the thoughts, and animates the lines:
In both the same lewd flattery we find,
'The praise defaming, and the satire kind:
Alike the numbers, fashion, and design;
No 'chequer tallies could more nicely join:
'Thy foolish muse puts on her mask too late;
We know the strumpet by her voice and gate.

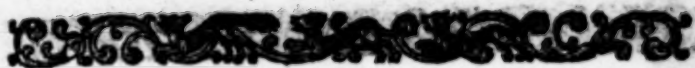
CDLXXXVI.

*To the same, upon his Talent of praising and
railing.*

THINE is the only muse on *British* ground,
Whose satire tickles, and whose praises wound:
Sure *Hebrew* first was taught her by her nurse,
Where the same word is us'd to bless and curse.

CDLXXXVII.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXXVII.

*On seeing a Pipe lighted in a Coffee-house with
a Leaf of King ARTHUR.*

IN coffee-house begot, the short-liv'd brat,
By instinct, thither hastes to meet his fate:
The phoenix to *Arabia* thus returns;
And in the grove, that gave her birth, she burns:
Thus wand'ring *Scot*, when thro' the world he's past,
Revisits antient *Taweez*, with pious haste,
And on paternal mountains dies at last. }

CDLXXXVIII.

WHEN, fir'd by glory, *Philip's* godlike son,
The *Persian* empire, like a storm, o'er-run,
A worthless scribbler, *Cherilus* by name,
In pompous doggrel soil'd the hero's fame;
The *Grecian* prince, to merit ever just,
(For monarchs did not then reward on trust)
Read o'er his rhymes; and, to chastize such trash,
Gave him, for each offending line, a lash.

Thus bard went off, with many drubs requited;
That's, in plain *English*, *Cherilus* was knighted.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDLXXXIX.

*To the AUTHOR of the SATIRE against
WIT.*

SOME scribbling fops so little value fame,
They sometimes hit, because they never aim;
But thou for erring hast a certain rule;
And aiming, art inviolably dull:
Thy muddy stream no lucid drop supplies;
But puns, like bubbles, on the surface rise:
All that for wit you could, you've kindly done;
You cannot write, but can be writ upon:
And a like fate does either side besit,
Immortal dulness, or immortal wit;
In just extremes an equal merit lies;
And *Boyle* and *Garth* with thee must share the prize;
Since thou can'st sink, as much as they can rise. }



CDXC.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXC.

*To the merry POETASTER, at SADLERS'
HALL, in CHEAPSIDE.*

UNWEILDY pedant, let thy awkward muse
With censures praise, with flatteries abuse;
To lash, and not be felt, in thee 's an art;
Thou ne'er mad'st any, but thy school-boys, smart:
Then be advis'd, and scribble not again;
Thou'rt fashion'd for a flail, and not a pen:
If B——'s immortal wit thou would'st decry,
Pretend 'tis he that writ thy poetry:
Thy feeble satire ne'er can do him wrong;
Thy poems, and thy patients, live not long.

CDXCI.

From the GREEK.

TWO goddesses now must *Cyprus* adore;
The muses are ten, the graces are four:
Stella's wit is so charming, so sweet her fair face,
She shines a new *Venus*, a muse, and a grace.

'A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXCII.

On Love.

LOVE is an idle, lazy pain,
Yet troublesome, and tiresome too
It springs from a lethargic brain,
Th'effect of ——— *nothing else to do.*
Dido by it was not annoy'd,
Whilst she was building of her town;
Her busy thoughts were all employ'd,
How to secure, and guard her own
But, soon as e'er her work was done,
And *luxure* crept into fashion,
She, slighting credit and renown,
Submitted to the yawning passion.

CDXCIII.

Written in a Lady's Prayer-Book.

WHILST you, bright angel, heav'n alone pursue,
Our thoughts are fix'd on equal heav'n in you.
But why such beauty, and such rigor join'd?
Ne'er for a cloister was that face design'd;
To bless, and not to curse mankind, 'twas giv'n:
Then smile, and answer the designs of heav'n.

CDXCIV.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXCIV.

On MIMIC, the Actor.

SELF-LOVE does *Mimic's* breast inspire,
It seems, with reason good;
For, did he not himself admire,
No other mortal wou'd.

The town damns *Mimic's* acting: why?
Well has he play'd his part,
To gain so good a salary,
Without the least desert.

CDXCV.

PROMETHEUS and VAUX.

FROM heav'n and hell, for diff'rent ends design'd;
This to destroy, that to create mankind,
These two bold thieves in stealing fire combin'd.
Thee, O *Prometheus*, while the bird does tear,
For *Vaux*, great *Jove*, some other pain prepare:
The starving *vulture* cannot here be fed:
Where are his *bowels*, who no *mercy* had?

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXCVI.

To Sir GODFREY KNELLER, on his painting the Author's scornful Mistress.

So to the life you paint, that ev'n you make
The painted canvas seem to move and speak;
Moving the passions, speaking to the eye,
You make us guilty of idolatry.
My goddess in your draught I may adore,
Who ne'er in life sat still to me before:
But oft, as I, fond lover! gaz'd, would turn
Her eyes away, in hatred, or in scorn.
But now, whilst I, in your fair picture, see,
And gaze with transports on her beauties, she
Nor changes look, nor frowns; but does appear
To look on me, ev'n whilst I look on her.
Here may your art th' original upbraid;
Just to her charms, you've thrown her pride in shade.



A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXCVII.

On CARDS.

HENCE, ye deluding, subtle, painted foes ;
Back to the d——l, whence ye first arose :
A pack of you, scarce worth a single groat,
Have thousands, oft ere now, reduc'd to nought :
Women with you do pass loose time away ;
You, who no less inconstant are than they :
Ye rob mens days of bus'ness and delights ;
Of sweet and precious sleep ye rob their nights :
In short, whatever game is play'd with you,
Knaves commonly have got the most to do.

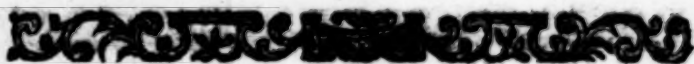
CDXCVIII.

MARTIAL, Lib. 12. Epig. 54.

THY beard and head are of a different dye ;
Short of one foot ; distorted in an eye :
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat.

CDXCIX.

A Collection of Epigrams.



CDXCIX.

On Mr. DRYDEN's wanting an Epitaph.

THAT thou, great genius! here in earth art thrown,
With no inscription on the sacred stone,
Is not thy brother-poets fault, but shame;
Since, unenjoying thy celestial flame,
They knew not how to propagate thy fame:
Thyself alone could thy own glory raise;
Thy verse alone record thy verse's praise:
So thy own thoughts should thy own lines refine;
As dust of di'monds makes the di'mond shine.

D.

From SANNAZARIUS.

AH! *Lesbia*, now, or never, pity show:
Two different fates, alas! to thee I owe:
For thee in flames I'm scorch'd, in tears I drown,
At once a *Nilus*, and an *Ætna*, grown.
Let my tears quench my fire, O cruel dame!
Or dry my tears up with more potent flame.

F I N I S.



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CONTAINED
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